Newport Mercury.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CXXXI—No. 46. NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 27, 1889. WHOLE NUMBER 6,806.

The Newport Mercury,

—PUBLISHED BY—

JOHN P. SANBORN,

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments.—Reaching as many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, April 24, 1889.

PROCLAMATION

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,

ROYAL C. TAFT, GOVERNOR.

In accordance with the act of the General Assembly, passed this day, and in acknowledgment of the Providence which has preserved and strengthened this nation during the first century of its existence; and in commemoration of the inauguration of the nation's first Chief Magistrate, I do hereby appoint TUESDAY, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1889, to be observed as a day of special Thanksgiving to Almighty God.

And in furtherance of the recommendation of the President of the United States, I request that at the hour of nine o'clock in the morning all the people of this State "repair to their separate places of divine worship to implore the favor of God, that the blessings of liberty, prosperity and peace may abide with us as a people, and that His hand may lead us in the paths of righteousness and good deeds."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed at Providence, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, of the founding of the State the two hundred and fifty-third, and of Independence the one hundred and thirteenth.

(L.S.)

ROYAL C. TAFT.

By the Governor;
SAM'L H. GROSS, Secretary of State. 4-27

Local Matters.

Newport Manufacturing.

Mr. W. Milton Farrow, the famous marksman, formerly of this city but now of Holyoke, Mass., has been in town this week in consultation with the local industry committees with a view to establishing a plant here for the manufacture of the Farrow rifle. A capital of $30,000 is required to start and as nearly half that amount has already been subscribed there can be little doubt but the work will be done here. The gun, which bears numerous improvements of his invention, is at present on exhibition at Col. Rogers' music store, Thames street, and subscriptions for stock are being received by Col. Wm. A. Stedman.

Mr. John Gilpin met with a painful accident Wednesday evening. He was standing in front of the Anthony Stewart building on Thames street when the flagstone gave way beneath his feet letting him into the hole. He was sent home in a carriage, it being at first thought that his right leg was broken. The injury, however, proved less serious than feared and he is able to be about.

An interesting and instructive meeting of the Newport Natural History Society was held Saturday evening, Hon. John Hare Powel presiding. Valuable papers were read by Prof. T. Nelson Dale and Mr. A. O'D. Taylor. The former entitled "Object and Arrangement of Scientific Collections," will be published in full in next week's MERCURY, it being crowded out of this issue.

Rev. T. E. Fleming, of Providence, formerly of Georgia, will preach at the Union Congregational church to-morrow in exchange with the pastor. Mr. Fleming was a candidate for Congress, in his district in Georgia, last fall and received quite a large vote, but did not dare remain in his district during the campaign.

Miss Mary L. Howland has resigned as organist of Emmanuel church, a position which she has filled with universal satisfaction for many years, and Miss Bertha L. Williams, her accomplished assistant, has been promoted to the vacancy. Miss Howland will continue as chorister.

Aquidneck Encampment No. 5, A. O. O. F., participated in the anniversary celebration in Providence, yesterday, leaving here with the Newport Band at 8 o'clock in the morning.

The Juniata, with 356 naval apprentices on board, left our harbor for New York, Thursday.

Post Office Hours for April 30, '89.

Office open from 7 to 10 A. M.; 6.30 to 8 P. M.
One delivery by carriers at 10 A. M.
Collections from Street Letter boxes as usual.
Money order and Registry Departments open from 8 to 10 A. M.
Mails received and despatched as per time table.

THE PURITAN AT HER DOCK.

Old Colony Company's Latest Addition Arrives Wednesday and is Pronounced the Best Ever Seen in These Waters.

The Old Colony Company's new steamer Puritan arrived here under her own steam Wednesday afternoon from New York and has since been the centre of attraction to all Newport. She left the Metropolis at 6.40 A. M., and arrived at her destination at 2.20 P. M., covering the distance from dock to dock in the exceptionally quick time of eight hours and forty minutes—and this her first trip, with everything new and untried. In the run from Sands Point to Eaton's neck she beat the best time of any of her sister craft by one minute, and from Watch Hill to Point Judith by thirty-seconds, and with only 70 pounds of steam, while she is allowed to carry 110 pounds. Her action was perfectly easy and her whole conduct throughout was such as to give the highest gratification to her designer and builders alike. She has been viewed by thousands since her arrival and all express the highest admiration of her every point. The beauty of her architecture, the elegance of her interior finish and the immensity of her proportions are about equal sources of wonder. About twenty feet longer than the Pilgrim, she dwarfs everything near her, and what a few years ago were the "floating palaces" of this prosperous company now appear little more than steam tugs in comparison. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	420 ft.
Width	91 "
Length of hull on water line	401 "
Width	52 "
Depth of base line to top of deck beams, amidships	21 ft. 4in.
Whole depth from base line to top of house over engine	70 ft.
Draft loaded	13 ft.
Displacement	4,475 tons.

The hull is made of steel; it is a double one, and is constructed so as to form, with the longitudinals, fifty-two water-tight compartments. Besides these, there are seven water-tight bulkheads running athwartship. The main engine is a compound, vertical, beam, surface-condensing engine. High pressure cylinder is 75 inches diameter, 9 feet stroke; low pressure cylinder 110 inches diameter, 14 feet stroke. Engine frames are made of steel. The engines are designed and constructed for a working pressure of 110 pounds of steam on the high-pressure cylinder, and to develope 7,500 indicated horse power. The boilers are the Redfield type; eight of these are used, and are made of steel. Total grate surface, 850 square feet; heating surface, 25,500 square feet. Feathering side wheels, 35 feet in diameter out side of buckets. Each wheel has thirteen buckets, 14 feet long, 5 feet wide and 7 inches thick; they are made of steel.

In order to give some idea of the strength of some parts of the machinery, it may be stated that each shaft weighs about 40 tons; the total weight of each feathering wheel is about 100 tons; walking beam about 42 tons.

Stepping upon the main deck the passengers enter a handsome social hall, which is situated aft of the engines. This hall is 58x24 feet; from this the grand staircase leads up to the saloon deck. Aft of the social hall on the main deck there are two handsomely furnished cabins for ladies. The one furthest aft is the ladies' private cabin; its floor space is 42 feet long, and greatest width about 24 feet. State rooms and toilet rooms are arranged along the sides of this cabin and a stairway leads into the dining room below. Along the sides of the other ladies' cabin there are arranged double rows of staterooms. The length of floor space in this cabin is 74 feet; greatest width about 27 feet. The various rooms forward of the main deck are principally for the use of the crew. On the main deck about 6,600 square feet of deck space can be used for carrying freight, affording about 80,000 cubic feet of freight room. Probably the elegant and handsomely furnished "grand saloon" shown on the saloon deck plan will have the greatest attraction for the passengers. Access to this saloon is by the staircases aft and forward of the engine and boiler enclosures, and the staterooms are conveniently arranged along the sides of the grand saloon, leaving considerable space between the staterooms and the boiler and engine enclosure, so as to form a continuous promenade around the saloon. On this deck, are the gentlemen's toilet rooms; the ladies' toilet rooms, the stewardess' room, and the engineer's room. On this deck there is also a continuous outer promenade, extending outside the wheels. The President's, captain's, and officers' rooms are forward on the gallery deck.

The total number of staterooms on all the decks is 300. The hurricane deck is arranged for a promenade 10 feet wide, extending entirely around its outer edge, affording a continuous walk of 600 feet.

The "Puritan" was designed by Mr. George Pierce, supervisor of steamboats for the Old Colony Steamship Company. The sole contractor for her construction from beginning to end was the W. & A. Fletcher Company, of New York. The joiner work, including plumbing and painting was by Mr. William Rowland, of New York. The hull was built by the Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding and Engine Works, Chester, Pa. The designs for the decorations were by Mr. Frank Hill Smith, of Boston.

Masonic Courtesies.

On Wednesday evening of this week Godfrey de Bouillon Commandery of Knights Templars of Fall River, paid a fraternal visit to Washington Commandery of this city. There were some seventy of the visiting Sir Knights, under the command of Em. Sir Herbert Field, Eminent Commander. They were accompanied by the American Band of the Border City. About fifty ladies belonging to the visiting Sir Knights also accompanied them on the trip.—The visitors were received at the depot by Washington Commandery, Em. Sir William H. Cotton, Commander, and accompanied by the Newport Band, were escorted over various streets to Masonic Temple. Here a light collation was served. The Commandery was then opened, the officers of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were received and the Red Cross degree conferred in due form. The inspecting officer was V. E. James Swords, of Boston, Deputy Grand Commander. He was accompanied by Em. Sir Charles E. Pierce, of Boston, Grand Warder, Em. Sir James M. Gleason, Commander of Boston Commandery, and others. After the work of the ritual was performed the Commandery and visitors repaired to the hall below where the ladies were assembled and where the remainder of the evening was passed in a social manner. The visitors returned home by special train at about one o'clock, having apparently enjoyed their brief stay in Newport.

The Coming Musical Festival.

On Monday next the long expected festival of the R. I. Choral Association will begin in Providence. The people of this state are by this time familiar with the public spirit and enterprise that have resulted in giving to Rhode Island a musical festival. It is an important event in the musical history of the state and one that should be most freely supported by all its music loving citizens. So much has been undertaken and so much risk undergone that it will require the most generous cooperation to secure the Association from loss. Fortunately this is likely to be forthcoming, for the entertainment that is offered is fully worthy of the important place it is intended to occupy in the musical history of the state and its attractiveness has already secured large audiences at each of the five concerts. Carl Zerrahn, the famous conductor who has had entire charge of the chorus, considers it one of the very finest he has ever directed. Then the soloists are the very best that can be procured in this country. The concerts take place Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons; and the programmes have been made so as to secure the greatest variety possible.

To-morrows Services.

To-morrow evening Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knight Templars; St. John's Lodge, No. 1, and St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. and A. M., will attend service at the Second Baptist church; the Newport Artillery Company at the Central Baptist church; Roger Williams Lodge, No. 205, Sons of St. George at St. George's Chapel, and Newport Council, No. 134, Catholic Benevolent Legion, at St. Joseph's church. The Legion will also attend mass at St. Mary's in the morning.

Loss to a Newport Man.

About noontime Wednesday a fire broke out in a large barn owned by Mr. J. R. Christy, of Newport, in the village of Attleton, in North Kingstown. The flames spread to a cider mill, wagon shed and crib, all of which were consumed. About eight tons of hay were also burned. At one time it seemed as if a large dwelling house near the barn and Wilbur & Frissell's store, across the street, would have to go, but by the exertions of the people they were saved. Loss about $1000.

The City Council committee, appointed to report plans and estimates for a new scooolhouse in the second ward, have selected those drawn by Mr. J. D. Johnston of this city and they, together with printed specifications, will be at the City Clerk's office, in the City Hall, Monday morning, ready for bidders. The specifications are drawn for both stone and brick, it being the desire of the committee to have a stone building provided one can be built within the appropriation.

The Talma Club of Providence will give an entertainment at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, May 9th, for the benefit of the Women's Exchange. The play will be entitled "Helping Hand," a drama by Tom Taylor. The cast of characters embraces much first class talent and the entertainment will certainly be an interesting one. The exercises of the evening will close with dancing.

Mr. J. B. F. Smith has taken possession of his new home on Howard avenue and his health, which has been very poor for a long time, is already greatly improved.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Porter & Forsyth have sold for the Hon. George B. Coggeshall his farm in Portsmouth and Middletown containing about one hundred and twenty two acres with the improvements and known as the "Braddock Richmond Farm" to Josiah M. Fiske on private terms.

Mr. Daniel Watson has sold three acres of land situated on the East Shore of the George W. Weeden tract to Mr. Philander Shaw of Brooklyn, N. Y., for $2,000. This tract is opened up by the New Shore Drive.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Timothy H. Murphy of 6 Berkeley street to Mrs. Katharine Read Neill, wife of Colonel Neill of 10 Kay street, the estate at 11 Cottage Place, consisting of about 3,330 feet of land. A double tenement house and a barn; reported price three thousand dollars.

John Freeborn has sold 800 square feet of land with buildings on Third street to Philip H. Caswell, for $1, etc.

Mr. E. Truman Peckham has in his possession a painting of Easton's Beach as it appeared forty years ago. It includes a portion of Bath road and Stephani's famous "Ocean Cottage" where during a drunken row in 1859 a man was stabbed to death. It is difficult to realize that it is a picture of our bathing beach, so great have been the changes since it was taken.

Old Colony steamer Pilgrim, of the Fall River line, and the Central Vermont freight steamer Metropolitan collided in Hell Gate, Monday evening, on their way out. The Pilgrim was but slightly damaged, and came through to Newport on schedule time, but the Metropolitan was so badly stove about her bows that she had to be run on to the flats off Riker's Island.

How Can the Kingdom of God be Advanced in Newport? is the title of an interesting paper read before the Ministers' Union at its regular meeting Monday morning by Rev. E. P. Tuller of the First Baptist church. There will be a union service at the United Congregational church next Monday morning.

Courts Wanton and Pride, A. O. F., of this city, are making preparations for the entertainment of visiting Foresters during the grand convention of the order to be held here on the 15th proximo. Large delegations are expected to be present from New York, Boston and Providence lodges.

The centennial anniversary of Washington's inaugural will be observed at G. A. R. Hall next Tuesday evening by Chas. E. Lawton Post. The exercises will include singing by a select choir, speechmaking, etc., and all citizens are cordially invited to attend.

The General Assembly having made Tuesday a legal holiday the public schools will not be in session on that day. Special exercises, appropriate to the day, will be held in the schools on Monday, however.

Washington Commandery, K. T., is warned to appear at the Asylum tomorrow evening at 6.30 o'clock, to attend commemorative services at the Second Baptist church.

Mr. John W. Auchincloss, of New York, who has a handsome summer villa in course of erection on Battery Hill, has been in town this week.

The annual ball of the Fireman's Relief Association took place at Music Hall Monday evening and was a grand success both socially and financially.

Revenue cutter Samuel Dexter has gone to New York to participate in the grand review on Tuesday next. Collector Cozzens is on board.

The detachment from Fort Adams detailed to take part in the New York Centennial Celebration, left for the Metropolis last night.

Mr. E. Truman Peckham has a large force of men at work remodeling Mr. Lyman C. Joseph's cottage on Purgatory road.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wetherbee, of New York, who own a summer villa on Honeyman Hill, have been in town this week.

Work on Mr. E. D. Morgan, Jr.'s new villa at Brenton's Cove has been begun. Mr. Morgan has been in town this week.

Owners of dogs in Newport will be interested in a notice which appears in our advertising columns this week.

Easter Sunday was observed in Newport this year much as usual, all the churches being well attended.

Miss Dockray, of Pocassett, Mass., is in town, the guest of her uncle, Mr. E. W. Lawton, on Withfield court.

His Honor, Mayor Coggeshall, and Mrs. Coggeshall returned on Wednesday from their Western tour.

Mr. Philip S. Taggart and family have arrived at their Broadway cottage for the summer.

Mr. Joseph Barrett returned from Jacksonville, Florida, Monday morning.

NEWPORT ARTILLERY IN 1842.

Federal Hill and Chepachet.

BY JAMES C. SWAN.

Having seen an article in the April (1888) number of the Narragansett Historical Register which gives so meagre an account of some of the principal actors in that unfortunate affair, the "Dorr War," the writer in justice to the dead as well as the living, feels impelled to offer for publication a few additional notes, giving in detail several quite important transactions. Being one of the soldiers who marched up Federal Hill, and also to Chepachet, he now presents what may be of use to the future historian, should he wish information in regard to these two adventures not previously published.

At the early hour of one o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 18th, 1842, many of the people of Newport were aroused from their slumbers by the firing of cannon and beat of drums; an express having arrived from Gov. King to Col. William B. Swan, of the Newport Artillery, with orders to muster his company without delay and embark for Providence in a steamboat which had been dispatched for that purpose.

The order was promptly obeyed, and a part of this company with a few volunteers, numbering officers and privates, thirty-eight men, and two field pieces, were soon on the way to Providence, where they arrived at about eight o'clock, having stopped at Bristol, taking from that place the Bristol and Warren Artillery company's. The landing was at India Point.

A few of the officers and a number of the men belonging to the Newport Artillery, did not on that morning answer to their names at roll-call; some of them when warned positively refused to appear, others excused themselves on political grounds, conscientious scruples and sickness, while others, who would have appeared, were too far away to hear the signals, which by special orders, were the firing of cannon.

The summons was from the Governor of the State of Rhode Island, who called upon them as good citizens, to aid in suppressing an embryo rebellion against the lawful authority of the State of Rhode Island, under the leadership of Thomas W. Dorr, who, with about two hundred men, had, with stolen cannon and other war material, assembled on Federal Hill, a commanding position on the west side of the city of Providence.

In years previous to this event in the history of Rhode Island, there had been quite a rivalry among the several military organizations (principally on the part of the Providence First Light Infantry who assumed to outrank the Newport Artillery, the oldest military company in the state) as to which one of them; without much reference to the date of their Charters; was entitled to the *right*; known among military men as the post of honor as well of danger; but at this particular time, when the object for which they were assembled was for a matter of far greater importance than a "dress parade;" there were no eager aspirants for that position.

When Col. Swan, at the head of his command entered South Main street, a part of the military company's of the city of Providence were in open order drawn up to receive them. Between these lines, followed by the troops from Bristol and Warren, the thirty-eight men with their two field pieces marched, escorted by the Providence First Light Infantry, commanded by Col. William W. Brown. The column continued its march to the bridge, which it crossed, and entered Westminster street as far as Orange street, through which it passed into Weybosset street, and when near City Hotel a halt was ordered. After a short rest; the troops forming a line along the curbstone; Col. Brown, approaching Col. Swan, said, "The right belongs to you, Sir." Col. Swan assured him that he was aware of it, and immediately formed and marched the Newport Artillery past the Providence First Light Infantry. The march was now resumed, and it was at this moment that Col. William Blodgett, of Providence, commander of the division, was seen marching by the side of Col. Swan, and when Federal Hill was reached, a halt was ordered during which it was arranged, as a precautionary and doubtless strictly military measure, that all the troops, except the Newport Artillery, should take positions near the foot of the hill while the fate of that company was pending, who, from the threats made by Dorr and his men, were marching to certain destruction. Dorr's guns loaded nearly to the muzzle with ball, and scrap-iron obtained at machine shops, were pointed towards the road which they were to ascend, and every man knew what might be expected. At this critical moment, when Law and Order, and Anarchy and Disorder, were trembling in the balance; Col. Blodgett, said to Col. Swan, "Will your men falter?" Col. Swan answered "No!" and instantly gave the order, "Forward men." They alone with their cannon, amid the jeers and insults of a cowardly mob, marched up the hill to within a short distance of Dorr's battery.

This was the first exhibit, and a brave one; that Mr. Dorr and his followers had thus far witnessed, of even the slightest attempt on the part of the authorities of the State of Rhode Island, by an aggressive movement; (before this all had been submissive,) to frustrate their evil designs against its laws and institutions,—now represented by men who had come determined to maintain them at all hazards.

In front of them in battle array, stood Dorr's army, some of the men with lighted matches in their hands standing near their guns, waiting for the order to fire, which their commander did not give, for the reason that he and his men saw before them proof quite positive, that there might be "blows to take as well as give," and rather than try the issue, sought refuge in the teachings of that old and true maxim: "discretion is the better part of valor," they were anxious for, and did propose a peaceable settlement.

Not far distant from the two forces there soon appeared several persons in consultation, and prominent among them was Gov. King. Burrington Anthony, a supposed ambassador from Dorr's camp was also there. After quite a lengthy parley between these parties, it was made known to the soldiers then present, that the Dorrites had, through their ambassador, promised to return the cannon and other stolen property, then in their possession, belonging to the State, and become good "Law and Order" abiding citizens.

Shortly after this very satisfactory arrangement was said to have been made between the authorities of the State of Rhode Island and its rebellious subjects, the Newport Artillery by order of Col. Blodgett, marched to Providence First Light Infantry Armory, where they remained until night, when they performed picket duty near the Arsenal. Nothing having occurred during the night to disturb the quiet of the people of Providence, who from what the writer witnessed, were greatly alarmed; the Newport Artillery returned to Newport the next day, arriving about 3 P. M. For only a day and a half did this campaign last, and happily ended without bloodshed.

From that time up to June 24th, the whole State of Rhode Island, particularly the northern part of it, was seriously disturbed by the greatly exaggerated rumors of what Mr. Dorr, with an ill appointed force, of, perhaps five or six hundred men armed and unarmed, with the very doubtful promise of five thousand others, composed of the very lowest dregs of the city of New York, might possibly attempt. Their headquarters were at a rudely constructed fort on Acotes Hill in the village of Chepachet.

After the return of the Newport Artillery from Federal Hill, it was immediately reorganized; Col. William B. Swan still in command, Charles D. Weeden, Lieut. Colonel; William A. Coggeshall, Major; John Alfred Hazard, Captain; William D. Henderson, Quartermaster; James D. Seabury, Orderly-sergeant; all delinquent officers and men, who failed to appear on the morning of May 18th, were stricken from the rolls, and, within a month, by new accessions of the best material in the town, with a few volunteers, the company numbered one hundred and twenty-five men.

On Friday morning, June 24th, 1842, Col. Swan received orders to appear with the Newport Artillery, in the city of Providence, without delay, and within two hours they embarked from Long Wharf in a steamboat sent for that purpose; stopping at Bristol and Warren for other troops; arriving in Providence about 6 P. M. Quarters were furnished in Providence First Light Infantry Armory.

Saturday, June 25th, by order of Major General Anthony, all the troops in the city; about fifteen hundred; were ordered to appear on Benefit street, in the afternoon, for inspection.

At 3 P. M., the Newport Artillery marched from their quarters to the place appointed, taking their position on the right. The troops took up the line of march to Smith's Hill, where they were inspected and reviewed by Major General McNeil, and then dismissed to await further orders. At 9 P. M., the Newport Artillery and the Providence First Light Infantry were ordered to Smith's Hill, from thence they moved about one and a half miles from the city of Providence, on the road to Chepachet; sentinels having been placed in advance, the main body took possession of two barns and a bleachery. Nothing of importance occurred during the night. In the morning the two companies returned to the city.

On Sunday, June 26th, at one P. M., Col. Swan received orders to be in readiness to march to Scituate, ten miles from Providence, on the following morning—Monday. Under his command were the Newport Artillery, Bristol Artillery, Capt. Pearce, and Warren Artillery, Capt. Fessenden; to be accompanied by a troop of cavalry under command of Gen. Gibbs, numbering in all, about three hundred and fifty men, and five field pieces; the three companies armed as Infantry. They arrived at Scituate about 5 P. M., where they encamped. The night was dark and stormy, rain falling in heavy showers, during which a part of the command was sent on an expedition in search of a rebel camp, which was not found. Soon after midnight the whole command leaving Scituate, started for Chepachet, where their advance guard, composed of men drawn from the Warren troops, arrived a few minutes past 8 A. M., meeting the scouts from Col. Brown's division, who had preceded them about ten minutes. The main body of both divisions arrived shortly after, both of whom had learned from prisoners taken on the road, that Dorr and his troops had fled from the fort on the afternoon of Monday, June 27, some twelve hours previous to their arrival in the village.

The Newport Artillery was quartered in the village church, the Bristol Artillery, in a large dwelling opposite Sprague's tavern, and the Warren Artillery in the mansion of Col. Atwell.

At 5 o'clock P. M., Gen. Stedman's brigade arrived in the village from Foster, bringing with them a few prisoners. At the same hour a number of the troops returned to Providence by way of Greenville.

On the morning of Wednesday, June 29th, all the troops in the village were making preparations for leaving, except the Newport Artillery, which was ordered to remain at their quarters until recalled. Finding themselves honored with the duty of protecting the rear of the returning army, they immediately placed sentinels on the road leading to Woonsocket, and also to Thompson, Conn., and allowed no man to leave the camp without a pass.

At 11 o'clock, the guard reported that a body of insurgents was approaching the village, on the Woonsocket road; directly the drum beat to quarters, the men stood to their arms, matches lighted and everything arranged to give them a warm reception. Being stopped by the guard, they were found to be from Slatersville and had come to offer their services to the government. This being made known to the Colonel, the order was given to stack arms and dismiss the company. An hour later a body of Infantry was seen marching into the village on the Scituate road, the company was again called to arms, and a messenger sent to ascertain who they were, reported them to be the Burrillville and Foster volunteers, upon which the company was again dismissed.

At 2.30 P. M., the Newport Artillery received orders to report in Providence, sixteen miles distant, where they did not arrive until late in the day, taking up quarters in the Tockwotten House. The next morning they returned to Newport, arriving about 12 o'clock.

The second division of State troops under command of Col. William W. Brown, left the city of Providence at a later hour than did that under Col. Swan, having a nice turnpike all the way instead of a rough country road over which the first division had to march. They encamped at Greenville, where they remained until about midnight, when they commenced their march towards Chepachet. Their scouts, led by Col. George Rivers, who went in carriages, reached the fort on Acotes Hill at about 8 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 28th. This leader of the scouts was seen by Henry Lord, an unarmed man, who went down the hill to meet him. Col. Rivers asked him, "Will they fire?" Mr. Lord answered "No, there are no troops in the fort." Col. Rivers then went up the hill, a few scouts following, gave three cheers and took possession of the fort. There was no resistance, for there were none to make any.

On the near approach of the State troops a very large number of the people of Chepachet, particularly the women and children, terror-stricken, fled, they hardly knew whither, leaving everything behind them, the doors and windows of their houses wide open, and food on their tables spread for their morning meal, left when only slightly partaken of.

Police arrangements by the different commands were entered upon and at once commenced the search for persons known or suspected of having belonged to Dorr's army; by far the greater number of them, however, were either running away or secreting themselves; an endeavor shared by those who were, unfortunately for them, taken captives on the roads leading from Chepachet.

There were a hundred or more prisoners taken in and around the village, and the next day when ready to leave, that place their arms were pinioned behind them with bed-cord passed from one man to the next, tying each platoon together from eight to ten abreast. In this humiliating condition they were escorted to Providence, sixteen miles distant, on a hot summer's day, by troops under command of Col. Brown, and when that city was reached (so the official account says), they were occasionally halted and exposed to the scorn and derision of the crowds which thronged the streets.

Had these soldiers forgotten, or did they never know that the truely brave are always kind and generous to their captives?

At many points in this triumphal march, this gallant escort was from many a door and window greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs, and smiles of welcome from hundreds of mothers and daughters, who looked upon these men as having saved them from the vile assaults of a ruffian soldiery, who, as an incentive to deeds of violence, were promised the "Banks and Beauty of Providence." In some places along the route, fair hands, with fairer flowers, profusely decorated Col. Brown and his soldiers.

That something laughable often attends even the most serious affairs in which people willingly or unwillingly engage is pretty well known, and to show that "the Dorr War," was not entirely exempt from such incidents, we quote the following untruthful, and in its fullest sense, bombastic order in relation to the assault and capture of the fort and village of Chepachet.

"Orders, No. 54, Headquarters, &c., June 28th, 1842.

The village of Chepachet *and* fort of the insurgents were STORMED at quarter before 8 o'clock this morning, and *taken* with about *one hundred prisoners*, by Col. William W. Brown; *none* killed, and no one wounded, &c."

A most ridiculous story.

Dorr's fort, so called, on Acotes Hill, as a military position was wholly untenable; its front, facing the principal road leading to Chepachet, is high and commanding, but its rear was unprotected and easily assailable. A breastwork of earth was slightly thrown up, but insufficient to protect the men. There were seven iron cannon, three and six pounders, badly mounted on ox cart wheels and axles, and no other armament, except a bent bayonet and a few rusty pikes, with some cannon cartridges and ball in a wagon. There were a dozen or more tents standing, the marquee having been burned down, the fire still smouldering. There was not a soldier in the fort.

This is a true statement of the condition of the fort on Acotes Hill, and its equipments on the morning of Tuesday, June 28th, 1842, falsely said in orders No. 54, to have been stormed and taken on that day.

Thomas W. Dorr, and his followers abandoned the fort on Acotes Hill on the afternoon of Monday June 27th, and the original letter stating that fact was intercepted and in possession of Gov. King and council and suppressed by them from Monday evening until Tuesday forenoon, as set forth in the official account.

The Intercepted Letter.

Glocester, R. I., June 27, 1842.

To the publishers of "The Express,"
Providence, R. I.

Having received such information as induces me to believe that a majority of the friends of the People's Constitution disapprove of any further forcible measures for its support; and believing that a conflict of arms would, therefore, under existing circumstances, be but a personal controversy among different portions of our citizens, I hereby direct that the military here assembled be dismissed by their respective officers.

T. W. Dorr,
Commander-in-chief.

The above letter was handed to its rightful owners at noon on Tuesday, June 28th, and permission given to publish it. Its circulation did much to allay the intense excitement prevailing in the city. It was, also, an assurance that this most miserable attempt to subvert the government of the State of Rhode Island had utterly failed.

The Aquidneck Union of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles held a delightful meeting Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Felix Peckham, on Everett street. It was in observance of the anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare and the reading of "Much Ado About Nothing" was the feature of the evening.

(For additional locals see 4th page.)

Poetry:

Unto the Least of These Little Ones.

BY AMELIE RIVES.

I.

O children's eyes unchildlike! Children's eyes
That make pure, hallowed age seem young indeed—
Wan eyes that on drear horrors daily feed;
Learned deep in all that leaves us most unwise!
Poor wells, beneath whose troubled depths Truth lies,
Drowned, drowned, alas! So does my sad heart bleed
When I remember you; so does it plead
And strive within my breast—as one who cries
The torture of her first born—that the day,
The long, bright day, seems thicker sown for me
With eyes of children than the heavens at night
With stars on stars. To watch you is to pray
That you may some day see as children see
When man, like God, hath said, "Let there be light."

II.

Dear Christ, Thou hadst Thy childhood ere Thy cross;
These, bearing that their cross, no childhood know,
But, aged with toil, through countless horrors grow
To age more horrible. Rough locks atoss
Above drink-reddened eyes, like Southern moss
That drops its tangles to the marsh below;
No standard dreamed or real by which to show
The piteous completeness of their loss;
No rest, no hope, no Christ; the cross alone
Borne on their backs by day, their bed by night,
Their ghastly plaything when they pause to weep,
Their threat of torture do they dare to moan:
A darkness ever dark across their light,
A weight that makes a waking of their sleep.

III.

Father, who countest such poor birds as fall,
Count Thou these children fallen from their place;
Lift and console them of Thy pity's grace,
And teach them that to suffer is not all;
Hedge them about with love as with a wall,
Give them in dreams the knowledge of Thy face,
And wipe away such stains as sin doth trace,
Sending deliverance when brave souls call.
Deliver them, O Lord, deliver them!
These children—as Thy Son was once a child!
Make them even purer than before they fell,
Radiant in raiment clean from throat to hem;
For, Lord, till Thou hast cleansed these sin-defiled,
Of such the kingdom, not of heaven, but hell.
—In Harper's Magazine for May.—

Beyond Words.

BY H. A.

Little maid in homespun gown,
Simple as the daisies,
Loving lips and eyes of brown—
Let me sing your praises.

Shall I call my love a flower
Gathered to my bosom?
No; they fade from hour to hour,
And I want my blossom.

Shall I call her precious pearl?
Set not jewels nigh her!
Only just a country girl,
Yet not a King could buy her.

Shall I call her angel blest,
Whitest soul of woman?
Stay!—I think I like her best
Laughing, weeping, human.

Is she, then, a sparkling star
Sent to guide and cheer me?
Ah! the skies are cold and far,
And I like her near me.

Not a name is there on earth
Of a poet's giving
Fit to tell one-half her worth,
Real, true, and living.

Rhymes and words of mystery
Only would amaze her;
For her own sweet self is she,
And all my deeds shall praise her.
—Chamber's Journal.

White Violets.

BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

From the French.

I planted violets on the grave
Where sleeps my love alone;
No sweetness these pale flowerets have—
No beauty, like her own!

The longest Winter's night must end;
The earth, from death set free,
Smiles and awakes—alas! sweet friend,
Comes there no Spring to me?
—The Academy.

Selected Tale.

TWO DAYS IN HIS LIFE.

I.

He was a silent-looking man, with light gray eyes, that looked coldly at the world, and a thin, smileless face, close shaven. He was a man with whose name many tongues just now were busy; a grave charge had been brought against him—some acquitted, more condemned him. He was conscious that, here and there, an acquaintance passing him avoided meeting his eye, that along Pall Mall men in the clubs pointed him out to one another; that as he passed he left them discussing the story of the papers and weighing probabilities for and against him.

Nothing made him hasten. He walked deliberately with a preoccupied, meditative air, up Waterloo-place, along Piccadilly, and through some quieter streets, to a small gray house in a terrace near Hyde Park. The October afternoon was closing in when he reached his destination; there was a chill, raw feeling in the air; the lines of the housetops were obscure in the gray wintry evening light. In the house before which he stood no blinds were drawn, no lamps were lit, but a fire was burning in a down-stairs room, and the ruddy, dancing light looked warm and kindly.

The maid servant who came to the door admitted him in silence.

"Is Miss Arthur alone?" he asked as he crossed the hall.

"Yes sir."

"Down stairs?" he demanded.

"In the study—yes, Sir."

"I can find her."

His tone was peremptory, chill, ungenial. He was a man who had no atmosphere of cheeriness and kindness about him. Servants who did his bidding did it grudgingly; poor folks who came to him ignorantly with sorrowful tales, at the first sight of his face at the first sound of his voice, grew reticent; children who stumbled by mistake in his path picked themselves up forlornly, with a crushing sense of being annoyances, little nuisances in the world.

He crossed the hall to a room which adjoined the hall—the down-stairs room where the firelight was shining—Mary Arthur's study and sitting room. Mary expected him to-night. It was many days now since he had been to see her. While this scandal in which his name was involved was new he had staid away, waiting for the issue, waiting for men's verdicts. Nothing had been proved against him, nothing could be proved; but suspicion still clung to him. He could not remove men's suspicions. He had written to Mary, as he had felt bound to do, and had offered to release her from her engagement to him. His name was dishonored; he had no right to ask her to share the dishonor; he set her free. The letter was heroic, the generous sentiments it expressed afforded him virtuous satisfaction. And to-day Mary's answer had come. She refused to be released. Was she only fit to be a fair-weather wife, to share the "better" with him and desert him when "worse" days befell? She would not accept her freedom. She had been waiting for him—would he not come and see her? He had smiled a little as he read the answer. It was what he had looked for; all had happened as he could have foretold. What was outside his calculations was this feeling of trepidation, of doubt and uneasiness, that suddenly oppressed him now that his interview with Mary was at hand. He paused at the study door and knocked. There was a quick movement within the room, and his lips relaxed a little—Mary was eager then to meet him. "Come in," she said; and the voice that invited him was clear and musical. His face, silent-looking still, wore a kindlier expression as he entered.

The study was bright with firelight—warm, cheerful, homelike. It was a woman's room—a room where even disorder had a grace of its own and was pleasing. There were low bookshelves along the walls, and the shelves were lined with a goodly, motley company. Rossetti, spick and span, stood wedged upright by a battered, tattered little Burns in a brown plebeian coat; Ruskin and John Stuart Mill had space enough and to spare all around them, and, for lack of company, slanted sociably to one another; Miss Austen in white parchment looked genteel and seemly, but it was surely an unkind fate that had robed poor Charlotte Brontë in flaunting green and had given her Miss Austen to prop her upright constantly. Above the bookshelves were many pretty odds and ends of china and pottery. In one corner of the room was a writing table with papers on it, books lying open, and flowers arranged tastefully in a pretty bowl. A piano stood open. A little dainty child's pinafore lay unfinished on a chair with a needle shining in the firelight.

Fielding's face flushed as he met Mary. She came silently but smilingly toward him, and put her hands in his without a word. As he held them, he drew her nearer him, and stooped and kissed her tenderly, almost reverently. He wondered at himself the while—not for daring to kiss her, but for the reverence of the kiss. It was a very silent meeting. But the gray eyes that met his said much; they reproached him, but the reproach was loving; they were full of solicitude, questioning his face to seek signs of worry and trouble; they were glad, too, because he was here. His own eyes fell.

"I knew you would come this evening," she said gently. "I was listening for you."

"Yes. You bade me come," he replied.

There was a minute's silence. Mary went to the fire and stood before it, looking up at him with sweet womanly solicitude as he stood beside her. His eyes traveled over her person approvingly. He delighted in her beauty—in that well-shaped brow of hers, that delicate cheek and chin, the flowing graceful lines of her figure, the gracious poise of her head, the soft abundant hair which the firelight touched and made golden. Her face was fair and gentle—you saw it once and were ready thenceforth to stake your soul on her truth and goodness. A pessimist looking in her eyes must think a little better of the world. There was a wonderful charm about her, a sweet directness of glance and speech, a quiet, simple dignity not easy to describe.

"I got your letter," he said at last—and he looked away from her as he spoke at the lights and shadows on the rug at his feet—"your generous letter, Mary. Yes, let me call it generous."

"Your letter hurt me," returned Mary quickly, in a quiet tone. "What made you think so badly of me?"

"Badly—badly of you?" he repeated vaguely.

"I did not understand your letter. If misfortune touches you, Geoffrey, it touches me through you. I would not have it otherwise. And it could not be otherwise. You cannot shut me out of your sorrows—you cannot even if you wish. I am glad. Surely—surely—Geoffrey, you know that I am glad."

Her eyes were bright with tears as she looked up at him; and yet they smiled. He was looking down still at the shadow pattern of the fender on the rug.

"I ought, in spite of your generous wish—I ought to set you free," he said. He sighed. The woman beside him put her hand on his shoulder, with an action of silent, tender protest that he understood, and he turned suddenly and drew her close to him; he bent to kiss her again, but touched her hair gently, caressingly, with his hand instead.

"I ought to give you up," he repeated. "I cannot do it, Mary—I cannot do it."

"No, you cannot do it," she agreed, with sweetest triumph.

"If I could only explain! If I could only prove that this—all this—is false! You will have to take me on trust, dear. I cannot prove it. I can prove nothing—nothing."

For a moment she moved aside with a feeling of impatience and disappointment. Did he understand her so little, then? Could he think that her faith in him was so weak a thing that it needed props, assurances, proofs that he was not vile? Then, in a moment, she relented. The world had treated him so ill that he doubted every one; he was mistrustful because so sorrowful, so deeply injured so much misunderstood.

"I have my proof" she said, gently—"all the proof I need. You see, Geoffrey, they do not know you. I know you, dear."

He had turned away abruptly to the window; he made no answer now; he was looking away from her, looking absently out at the one or two passers-by and the bright lights in the windows opposite. For many days past, when men had looked askance at him, with doubt in their glances, he had held his head erect, walked self-contained among them, almost believed in himself. He remembered now, with most painful distinctness, that the smallest faith in him was faith misplaced. How could he accept such faith as hers, let her link her life with his, and make no sign? It was too cruel, too mean a thing to do! He had committed worse sins, perhaps; but those against whom he had committed them had not been like Mary, had never trusted him with this foolish trust, had never been pure enough to believe him good. Years ago, sometimes, a noble impulse would stir him strangely, sway him with a passionate excitement, hold him for a minute's space and make him, in emotion, in righteous intention, a hero; there was some such lost feeling stirring him now again: his thoughts leaped forward to a heroic purpose, and for a minute his heart beat faster, all his pulses throbbed. Next minute the impulse was dead: he looked back at it with a little mental smile. He turned away slowly from the window and crossed to the sofa where Mary sat.

She was sitting near the fire in the light and warmth, and he seated himself beside her. After all, if Mary believed in him, she had her reward. Her faith was misplaced, but it made her happy. He took her hands in his, and her eyes and lips smiled as she raised her face.

"What do they all say, Mary?" he asked. "Your love is blinding you—is that what they all tell you?" And your faith in me is foolishness—is that it? Your father would be better pleased if you gave me up."

"No, no! You must not be angry with father—you will bear with him, Geoffrey. It is only that he does not understand. He wishes us to defer the marriage—"

"And you agree?"

"No—I have told him—I wish it could be sooner. I wish we could be married now—now, to-day—while you are worried, before all these troubles are forgotten and explained away."

"And suppose—for the sake of supposition, Mary—suppose they are never explained away? Suppose they are never forgotten? Suppose the suspicion against me is never removed?"

"Oh, but it will be. By and by it must be. Sooner or later the truth is always known."

But the optimistic promise did not strike him cheerfully. She looked at him straight, with trustful, steadfast eyes; it was only by a conscious effort that he met her glance.

"And if the truth is ever known," she continued, after a moment, "we can still be happy. It is hard for you—oh, it is dreadfully hard! I never knew before that the world was so cruel. People are blind—unjust! Do not let us talk of it. You bear it so bravely, and I—I cannot bear to think of it. It seems foolish to talk of myself when you have borne so much; but oh, I have been so wretched—so wretched, Geoffrey! When you did not come, and day after day went, it seemed—it seemed as though you did not think me strong enough to share your troubles with you."

"It is not a gracious task, Mary, to come so the one's burdens about those one loves. Even now I hesitate. You are generous. But is that any reason why I should accept your sacrifice? I am asking you to accept the shadow of my disgrace—do you wonder, Mary, that I cannot ask it readily?"

"But what is the disgrace?" she reasoned. "Why should we think of it? It is a disgrace which the world has put upon us—that is all—and we ourselves know ourselves undisgraced. It is a very foolish world. Let us laugh at it."

"Yes, we can laugh," he agreed.

"We are not dependent on its good opinion. What is the good or ill opinion of a silly old world that misjudges you?"

"Nothing," he agreed again. But he was agreeing absently; his attention had wandered. For a few minutes he and Mary sat side by side in silence. His spirits were very heavy; Mary, looking closely at him, recalled her own light and cheery with a feeling of remorse.

"Mary," he said suddenly, turning eagerly toward her, "tell me—do I make you happy? You have been happier since you knew me. You are happy now. Tell me that I make you happy."

"But you know it," she said gravely.

"Yes, yes, I know it," he repeated. "I wanted to hear you say it. I shall devote my life to securing your happiness, Mary. I will make you happy. I can—and I will."

He spoke as though he needed to reassure himself. When he had written his letter to her, yesterday, his words of self-sacrifice had been merely words; now, again and again, they came back to him as a serious thought. He was guilty and she believed him true. This sin of deceiving her was a meanness which seemed to him worse than a sin. He was unworthy even of himself in this thing which he was doing. But he would make her happy—yes, that was his excuse, in that was his justification. And yet—

"How long, I wonder, shall I make you happy?" he said, speculatively, looking fixedly yet absently before him.

"How long?" she repeated. She could not understand his mood to-night. But she was very sorrowful and pitiful for him; so many friends had failed him that he doubted even her constancy. It was natural, she supposed.

"By and by," he continued, "when your love wears out, your happiness and your faith will wear out too."

She did not answer for a minute.—Both his tone and his words pained her. Then, after a minute, she looked at him again and smiled. "When my love wears out, anything may happen," she said. "I grant that. I know nothing about the laws that govern the preternatural."

He was still looking absently and hopelessly away from her. She paused for a moment, then she made another effort."

"Geoffrey, you must believe me," she said earnestly. "Whatever happens, whatever people say, nothing can touch me, nothing can make me alter toward you; nothing could ever for one moment make me distrust you. The very saying this seems foolish between us two. I am happier, and always must be happier, sharing your misfortune than looking on at other people's joys—you must know this so well. Why should I say it, when you know it so well, already, Geoffrey? As for my doubting you, it would be impossible. When I begin to doubt you I shall cease to have faith in all men—I shall doubt God and cease to believe in goodness. That will be never, Geoffrey."

"Yes, yes," he said quickly, "that is right, Mary—that is right. No one else believes in me as you do. You are good to me. Very just—very just. Go on believing in me, dear."

"And our marriage, Geoffrey? Father—father is going to talk to you. I hear him coming down stairs now. He will take you away—and—and ask you—ask you to persuade me to put our marriage off—to wait."

"And what am I to say?"

"That I wish it to be—as it was to be—now, in a month. Nothing must put it off."

"No. Nothing shall put it off," said Geoffrey.

II.

"You are back, early, Mary."

"Yes, I suppose it is early still—earlier than usual. I have been at a good many places—been seen—done my duty most thoroughly. You did not join me?"

"No."

"You promised, if you recollect. But I did not look out for you—I did not expect you."

"You have not much faith in my promises, Mary, now-a-days?"

"I? Oh, yes. One makes every promise with a mental reservation that one may break it."

Mary smiled slightly, and Geoffrey sighed. He set in a despondent, weary attitude, his elbow rested on the arm of his chair, his forehead bent down against his tightly-closed hand. The fire burned low in the grate, the shaded reading lamp made but a dim light in the long room; Mary drew her soft, silken wraps more closely around her, and shivered a little.

She stood before the fire, looking down at it, talking, not rapidly, but without many pauses, in a half light, half constrained, wholly unamused tone that had become more and more her natural tone within the last few months. She smiled now and then as she spoke—her smile never for a moment deceived her husband into believing that she was merry. It did not soften her glance, which had grown cold, critical, keenly observant; it did not alter the curve of her lips—a calm strange little curve, not sufficiently aggressive to be cynical, yet somehow suggesting a knowledge of the hidden evil of the world and a questioning doubt of its more apparent goodness. She held her fan in her hand and played with it in an absent way as she went on speaking; but although she toyed with it absently, it emphasized all that she said; she had learned the trick of speaking effectively, of raising her shoulders a little to give point to an incredulous remark, of looking up slowly, smiling very slightly, slowly lowering her eyes again. Even now, at home, she was an accomplished, much-admired woman of the world rather than a happy wife, at ease with the man whom she has loved and married.

"And what have you been doing all the evening?" she inquired, carelessly, at last, looking round for an instant, but without much interest, in the questioning glance.

"Thinking," said Geoffrey, briefly.

She turned away quickly with a sudden little movement of alarm, her face flushing for a moment.

"It is not often," continued Geoffrey, "that I think—about myself and you."

"Be wiser still," said Mary. "Do not think at all."

She smiled again mirthlessly, as though at some bitter thought. And again the tone or the smile struck him chilly, remorsefully; he looked long at her, then sighed once more.

"Mary," he said suddenly, "there is something I want to say to you. Sit down. There is something I want to tell you."

She looked around at him quickly, as she had done before, with a nervous, expectant glance. "Is it a thing that can wait?" she asked—"because, if it is, I am tired tonight."

He rose and stood by the fire beside her, resting his arm on the mantelpiece, his brow against his hand, and looking down at her closely as she faced him.

"Very tired, Mary?"

"Oh, rather tired. Every place was crowded, and every one was dull."

She took her foot from the fender and drew herself slowly upright, as though she would move to go; and he put his hand on hers to detain her.

"You do not wish to listen to me," he said accusingly, yet tenderly. "You put me off. You will not hear me."

"No—for both our sakes," replied Mary, incoherently. "What is the good?—what is the good?"

For a quarter of a minute they stood facing each other, his eyes looking entreatingly, passionately, hopelessly into hers, and hers looking back at him with despair that was no longer passionate. Their eyes told each other the truth now, but not for the first time. Months ago she had guessed his secret; months ago, turning suddenly toward her one day and surprising her as she glanced at him, he had known that his secret was hers, and she had known that he knew that she knew. They had said no word to one another. Mary had hid away her knowledge, had taken his secret and guarded it as her own, only fearful lest by word, or look, or tone, she should reveal it. Her life became a lie like his; her only aim was to deceive the world, to allay its suspicions, to lead it away from the truth. Her conscience troubled her at first, scruples pricked her; she put them away from her. Geoffrey had stood by and watched her and been helpless.

This had been his punishment. The punishment had been bitter unspeakably. The only woman whom he had ever purely loved, the only woman whose goodness he had believed in, was dwarfing herself daily down to his moral level, and it was he who was dragging her down. Two years ago, when he had married Mary, if he could have foreseen this punishment being his, he would have deemed it bearable—a pity, but not an inadequate price to pay for the possession of Mary herself. But he, too, had changed in these last two years. For a year and a half after his marriage with Mary he had lived in an atmosphere of pure thought and simple faith, had looked at life through Mary's eyes, and learned all unwittingly to find goodness beautiful and baseness loathsome, had come to shrink from his own past as an unsightly thing that he would like to bury and forget, that he dared not think of Mary's knowing. If the marriage had brought moral loss to her it had been "pure gain" to him. But in proportion as he had grown in moral stature so had the possibility of retribution grown. To stand by and see Mary lose her faith in him, to see the loss of faith in all men and all things that came quickly on her knowledge of his unworthiness, to watch her drifting away from her old sweet, tender, healthy belief, accepting the conventional creed of incredulity, to know her daily growing a less good woman, was a punishment that overwhelmed him—that had become greater than he could bear.

He had sat here alone to-night, and had thought things out. He must speak openly to Mary. He would no longer ignore her knowledge of his secret. He must confess it to her, and no longer hide it from the world. At all cost Mary must be saved from this necessity of daily, hourly deception. He could only save her by courting outward disgrace and the disgrace which touched him must be shared by her and by their child, by all who were near him and bore his name. But disgrace honestly and bravely borne would not defile her: she could live purely through it, hold up her head fearlessly, dare to look the world in the face with no secret to make her smiles misleading and her words untrue.

"Mary," he said, "you know what I want to tell you."

"Then do not say it," said Mary hastily. "Let me go, Geoffrey. I am tired; too tired to hear it. Things—things are better left unsaid."

"But I mean to say it," said Geoffrey, almost harshly. "That old charge against me was true. You have known it. I have known that you understood."

Mary had grown very pale; she rested her hands against the chimney piece to steady them; she looked down at them fixedly in silence while he spoke. He spoke slowly, with little pauses between his words, and every word came heavily, and with an effort. He stood watching her, never moving his eyes from her face, and he watched her still when he had done speaking. For half a minute there was silence. Then, without moving or looking round at him she spoke suddenly with passionate bitterness.

"Why have you told me?" she cried. "I knew! Yes, I knew! What does it matter? How can it mend things to speak? I can bear it—I can bear anything—but I will not talk of it. I cannot? I will not!"

"Never after to-night, Mary," he said gently. "Let us face things together to-night just once, and decide together what we shall do."

"What is there to do?" retorted Mary. "Nothing. What can there be to do?"

"That is what I have been trying to decide. We must go away where we are less well known. This life that we are leading—that you are leading—cannot go on, shall not. We will leave London—go abroad—where you can live your own life and be true again."

"True?" said Mary wonderingly, and her lips parted in a dreary little smile that seemed to stab him.

For more than a minute they stood in silence then Geoffrey, put down his forehead heavily against his hand, and drew a deep painful breath that was almost a groan.

"We cannot go back," said Mary, coldly and steadily, at last; "and to look back, to discuss things, to regret them, is worse than useless. We have our life to live, and our life is—what it is. We may as well accept it. We have to live it out as it is, not as it might have been."

"We can make it nearer what it might have been," he pleaded eagerly. "Mary, this is what I want to say; let us face disgrace, you and I—you and I together; face it and bear it, and look at the world honestly again. Our lives are false—false through and through—yours as well as mine. It is so, Mary."

"Do I deny it? Our lives are a lie. Yes, I know it. Let them be."

"We will go away," he repeated pleadingly. "We will go away—live quietly—live a different life. We need not say why we go—it will be rightly guessed—every one will rightly understand. We shall give up our false position, and you can be yourself again—your own true, sweet self, ashamed of nothing, living your own good life, with thoughts that all the world might know and be better for knowing."

A little pause.

"That self is dead," said Mary quietly. "Such a life as you picture would kill me nowadays—send me mad, I think. To seek about one's dead self would be—a gruesome task. No, Geoffrey, I decline."

"Mary, you do not understand? I want you to help me, dear. I want you to help me to be true, honest with the world. You, who were so good, who are so good, dear—"

"No. Say 'were,'" interposed Mary bitterly. "I understand all that you would say—all that you require. You ask too much. You are cruel to ask it."

"Mary!"

"Cruel!—cruel!" repeated Mary passionately, looking up at him with angry, accusing eyes, her face flushed, her lips tremulous with indignation. "Do you think of no one but yourself and me? Is Jack, little Jack, nothing to you? Do you care nothing for him—for his future, his good name, his happiness—all that? Your own child, Geoffrey!—our own child!—and you care nothing! What does it matter whether we are false if he is happy? Our life is a lie—yes, I know it is a lie—and it shall be a lie—for his sake—I say it shall be. I will deceive every one all my life, always, all I can, as cleverly as I know the way—always—always. No one shall know. No one shall ever know. By and by they might reproach him with it! They shall not—they never shall. Yes, I am wicked, I know. I choose to be wicked—I do not care."

Her words seem to beat down upon him, their weight crushed him; he bent his head lower against his hand, and his fingers tightened across his brow as though they would stop its throbbing. For fully a minute after Mary had done speaking the room was quiet; the clock on the chimney-piece ticked out the moments slowly and loudly one by one.

"I have been your evil genius, Mary," he cried despairingly. "You—you who have been all to me—my good angel—you!"

Mary's passion was gone. Her face was pale again; stood looking drearily down, before her, cold, untouched, impassive.

"If I have one honest thought, one honest wish," continued Geoffrey, "and sometimes nowadays I have—it is you—who have taught me. Our marriage saved me. And you have been sacrificed. My salvation was not worth it—such a sacrifice!"

He raised his head wearily and bent it down against his hand again. Mary drew herself up a little, checked a sigh, and glanced toward him.

"How will it all end?" she asked in a weary tone. "If one were curious one might wonder. I am not curious. Let us talk of something else."—[The Cornhill Magazine.

In It, But Not of It.

One evening in a parlor at a summer watering-place, the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercises. "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother.

"No," was the reply.

"Why, how will she get on in the world?"

"I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer.

The young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a proportion peculiar to itself, the active medicinal properties of the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. It will positively cure—when in the power of medicine—Spring Debility, Headache, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and all Diseases caused by a low state of the blood.

"I suffered three years with blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. Davis, Brockport, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. Barrington, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Is so vastly superior to any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier, that one has well said: "Its health-giving effects upon the blood and entire human organism, are as much more positive than the remedies of a quarter of a century ago, as the steam-power of to-day is in advance of the slow and laborious drudgery of years ago."

"While suffering from a severe bilious attack in March, 1888, a friend in Peoria, Ill., recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla. I tried the remedy, and was permanently cured." J. A. Shepard, travelling agent for Devoe & Co., Fulton Street, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

"I tried a dozen articles to cleanse my blood, but never found anything that did me any good till I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. H. Peer, Rochester, N. Y.

"My wife was troubled with dizziness and constipation, and her blood has been in a bad order—in fact she has been all run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing her a wonderful amount of good." F. M. Baldwin, druggist, Blanchester, Ohio.

"I was for five years a sufferer with boils, all run down, and was at one time obliged to give up work. Before taking all of two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, was entirely cured." R. M. Lane, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself entirely cured." C. E. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO. Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

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100 Doses One Dollar.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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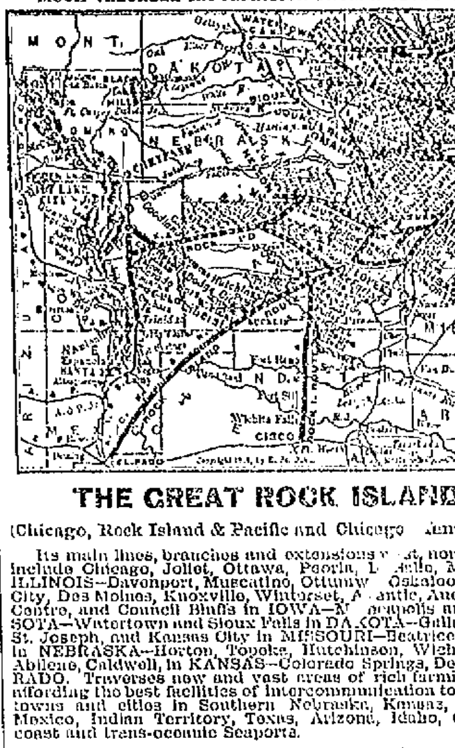
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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IN ONE SEASON, AWARDED BUTTER MADE BY THE

COOLEY CREAMER PROCESS

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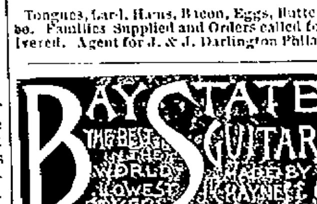
Tongues, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Eggs, Butter, Vegetables, and everything for a First-Class Table. Families Supplied and Orders called for Daily by Responsible Men. Goods promptly delivered. Agent for J. & J. Darlington Philadelphia Butter. Connected by Telephone.



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SECOND-HAND PIANOS.

UPRIGHTS, $125 and $150.
SQUARES, $40 and $50.
Also new Piano Covers and Stools.

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Entrance through Carr's Book Store.

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Messrs. JOSEPH CHURCH & CO. having appointed

ALVIN H. PECKHAM

of Jamestown, AGENT for their

FERTILIZERS,

would announce to all farmers of his vicinity that he will have constantly on hand all their several grades of fertilizers in large or small quantities to suit the trade. 2-21

WILLIAM H. FLUDDER.

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Masons' Work

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Draining and Plumbing Work

A SPECIALTY.

Also dealer in first quality

Vitrified Salt Glazed Drain & Sewer Pipe.

Extra Heavy Iron Soil Pipes and Fittings. Iron Cistern Covers and Frames. Stable and Yard Traps, etc.

P. O. BOX 517.

ONLY A FEW MORE LEFT, AND WHEN THIS EDITION IS GONE, NO MORE CAN EVER BE OBTAINED.

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—OF—

Olden Times,

with a history of the

Robinson, Hazard and Sweet Families.

This work is now out of print, but we have a few copies left. Those who wish a copy will do well to send in their orders at once.

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Fall River Line

FARES REDUCED.

New York $2.

For Special Limited Tickets.

Reduction to all other points.

Steamers PILGRIM and OLD COLONY, in commission. Leave Newport week days, at 9 P. M., Sundays 10 P. M. from New York at about 7:00 A. M. Connection by Annex Boat for Brooklyn and Jersey City on arrival.

Returning leave New York from Pier 28 N. R., foot of Murray street, at 6.00 P. M., daily, Sundays included. Annex connection from Brooklyn at 4.30, Jersey City at 4 P. M.

Steam heat in staterooms. An orchestra on each steamer throughout the year.

J. R. KENDRICK, Gen'l Manager, Boston.
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J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport.

Special Notice.

To accommodate patrons returning from the

Centennial Celebration,

The "PILGRIM"

Will leave New York at 6.30 P. M., instead of 5.00 P. M., on

TUESDAY, April 30.

Newport & Wickford Railroad and Steamboat Co.

WINTER TIME TABLE

Between Newport, Boston, Providence and New York, beginning THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1888,

via Newport and Wickford R. R. and Steamboat Co. and New York, Boston and Providence R. R.

Leave Newport at 7.30 A. M., arriving in New York 3.30 P. M.; New Haven 1.24 P. M.; New London 11.20 A. M.; Providence 9.15 A. M., and Boston 10.35 A. M.

Leave Newport at 10.20 A. M., arriving in New York 4.30 P. M.; New Haven 2.25 P. M.; New London 1.05 P. M.; Providence 12.15 P. M., Boston 1.65 P. M.

Leave Newport at 1.45 P. M., arriving in New York at 11.00 P. M.; New Haven 9.00 P. M.; New London 7.45 P. M.; Providence 6.40 P. M.; Boston 8.00 P. M.

Leave New London 7.15 A. M.; Providence 8.00 A. M.; arriving in Newport at 9.55 A. M.

Leave New York at 5.00 A. M.; New Haven 7.50 A. M.; New London 10.05 A. M.; Boston 10.00 A. M.; Providence 11.10 A. M.; arriving in Newport at 1.00 P. M.

Leave New York at 1.00 P. M.; Boston 3.00 P. M.; New Haven 3.05 P. M.; New London 4.30 P. M.; Providence 5.20 P. M.; arriving in Newport at 7.20 P. M.

Drawing Room Cars to and from Wickford Junction.

Tickets sold and baggage checked at steamer Eolus, Commercial Wharf, and Transfer Co.'s office, Travers' Block, Bellevue avenue. Drawing Room chairs and Sleeping Car berths can be procured at company's office, Commercial wharf.

J. B. GARDINER, Supt., Providence.
C. U. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

JAMESTOWN FERRIES.

On and After Monday, Dec. 3, 1888,

Steamers will run as follows:

Steamer Conanicut—Jamestown and Newport: Leave Jamestown, 6.15, 8.15, 10.30 A. M., 1.10, 3.15, 5.30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—9.45 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

Leave Newport, 6.15, 9.30, 11.45 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 6.00 P. M., or on arrival of Providence boat.

SUNDAYS—10.15 A. M., 4.30 P. M.

Old Colony Railroad

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations, may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after Monday, April 1 1889, trains will leave Newport, for Boston, week days, *4.45, *6.50, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Portsmouth Grove, *7.35, *10.20 A. M., 12.05 P. M. Coal Mines, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55 P. M. Bris of Ferry, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Tiverton, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Fall River, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Taunton, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Middleboro, 7.35, 10.20 A. M. 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Cape Cod, 7.35, A. M., 2.55 P. M. Plymouth, † 8.35 A. M., 2.55 P. M. New Bedford, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Fitchburg, and stations on Northern Division, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55 P. M. Lowell, 7.35 A. M., 2.55 P. M. Cottage City, Oak Bluffs, 10.20 A. M. Nantucket, (Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays), 7.35 A. M. Providence, 7.35, 10.20 A. M., 2.55, 5.15 P. M.

Sundays for Boston *1.45, *6.30 A. M., 6.30 P. M. Fall River, *4.45, *6.30 A. M., 6.30 P. M. Tiverton, Taunton, North Easton, Stoughton, Randolph, So. Braintree, 6.30 P. M.

*Or on arrival of boat from New York. From station on Long Wharf.

†Will stop to leave passengers or when flagged.

I. R. KENDRICK, Gen'l Manager, Boston.
GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Boston.
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GENTLEMEN.

SMOKING SETS,
CIGAR CASES
MEERSCHAUM PIPES
CIGAR TUBES,

SMALL BOXES OF

HAVANA AND DOMESTIC

Cigars,

Suitable for presents. Call and examine.

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PAINTER AND GLAZIER.

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WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK Assorted colors, 40 cents per oz. Waste Sewing Silk, black or assorted colors, 15 cents per oz. Illustrated pamphlet with rules for knitting, embroidery, etc., 10 cents, mailed to any address by the manufacturers of the celebrated Eureka Spool Silks, Art Embroidery and Knitting Silks. Eureka Silk Manf'g Co., Boston, Mass. 2-9-6m

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MERCHANTS' BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore represented in Newport by Mr. Job T. Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made:—

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Queen Ins. Co. of London.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh and London.
Northern Assurance Co., of London.

The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates, and the high standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

Niagara Ins. Co. of N. Y.	$2,050,956
American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia	2,301,854
Fire Association of Philadelphia	4,250,564
Phenix Ins. Co. of Hartford	1,793,928
Imperial Ins. Co. of London	8,727,000
Guardian Ins. Co. of London	7,855,190
Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence	960,426
British American Ins. Co. of Toronto	809,443
Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn	5,382,171
Queen Ins. Co. of London	7,970,093
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester	6,408,187
Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co of Edinburgh	5,332,650
Northern Assurance Co. of London	6,388,676
Phenix Assurance Co. of London	7,867,175

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1-2

PROVIDENCE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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CASH ASSETS - $190,000.

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It insures against both fire and lightning, has a liberal form of policy and furnishes the best insurance at the least cost.

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Nutritive Wine Of Coca

Contains Coca, Extract Beef, finest Malaga Wine—a nerve tonic and stimulant recommended for

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Prescribed by leading physicians.

RUM AND QUININE

FOR THE HAIR

Prevents the Hair from Falling, Cleansing and Invigorating to the Scalp, Tonic and Stimulating to the Growth of the Hair, Cools the Head, and as a Dressing, Soft and Brilliant in Effect!

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Use Wright's Odentine for the Teeth

Particular attention paid to Physicians' prescriptions. 7-4

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Lumber & HardWare

BRICK, LIME, CEMENT, ETC.,

205 THAMES ST.

—AND—

LOPEZ WHARF,

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Having secured a large stock of

HENRY C. ANTHONY'S

Garden and Vegetable Seeds,

I would respectfully notify the public that this is the only place in Newport where these superior seeds can be obtained. All orders entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. I would especially call the attention of the public to the superior and tested

ONION SEED,

which is pronounced the best in the market.

A. A. BARKER,

Dealer in Groceries, Grain, Farming Utensils, etc.

162 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

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I have removed my

Trunk & Harness Business

to store formerly occupied by T. G. S. Turner, opposite the Boston Store, where I shall make a specialty of the sale of

Trunks and Traveling Bags

of every variety.

HARNESS MAKING AND REPAIRING

in all its branches, and

Carriage Trimming.

Harness Snaps at half-price. Heavy Express Harnesses in Nickel and Brass a specialty.

John McCarty.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

CONTRACTOR

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

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Tilling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to. Orders left at

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Special Notice.

The undersigned still continues the

HOUSE PAINTING BUSINESS,

and will be glad to have his friends and the public patronage. Especially will he appreciate

CASH--PAYING CUSTOMERS.

All parties who owe me if they will now come up and settle, will be doing me a very great favor, as I have waited a long time in many cases, and to very great disadvantage.

A.L. Burdick.

WANTED!

Energetic men to travel on Salary, selling Nursery Stock. Liberal terms to beginners, if of mature years.

S.T.CANNON & CO., Worcester, Mass.

"All-Nose" Pete.

He was a "gangliu" youth of nineteen, with a pale, thin face, and a nose so prominent it was hard to tell where it left off and his forehead commenced. He did nothing but loaf, which gave him a tired, anxious air, as if he were expecting something to happen—a job of work present itself, or some such provoking calamity. He was in love, and being so, and possessed of nothing, was consequently unusually anxious to marry. People called him "All-Nose Pete," for the facial eccentricity mentioned, and nobody doubted that he would be more than the "natchelborn vagabon" the community knew him.

"Howdy, Miss Suckey," said Pete, stepping into the kitchen one afternoon where she was 'cleanin' up things." She was a slattern girl of sixteen, with black, short-cut hair and a decided suspicion of soot and grease on her faded cotton dress. But she was pretty, and being her father's house-keeper, and be being a drunkard, her toilet could not be always perfect.

She looked up, but said nothing.

"Miss Suckey," he went on, "taint no harm fur me ter ax yer 'ter-day what I axed yer yistiddy."

"No, an' taint no harm fur me ter give you the same answer."

"But ef we wuz married I could keep yer pap."

"Yes, help him drink whisky."

"I never tuck er drink uv licker in my life."

"But you're allers loatin' erroun' the grocery."

"There hain't nowhere else ter go."

"O, yes, there is."

"Where?"

"Go to work."

The idea seemed to be a new one to Pete.—He actually looked as if thinking of something.

"No, Pete, I've got nothin' and you've got less. I'd be er purty fool ter marry you an' fetch erunther pauper inter the family."

Pete walked out the front gate, and stopped in the middle of the road. To the left it wound down and up the red hills and was lost amidst the brilliant autumn foliage of the forest trees; to the right it straggled off to the lazy town.

"Suckey's right," he muttered; "I'm no account."

He sauntered across the field that lay before him. Stepping on a mound of dead grass, a rabit ran from beneath it. "Don't be skeered, ole molly hare, fur All-Nose Pete ain't got enuff innurgy ter ketch you of you wuz tied." He stopped at the spring in the chincapin thicket, dipped up water in his slouch hat and drank.

"Hello, young feller," spoke a man in big top-boots and fur cap, "how far is it to town?"

"'Bout a mile an' er half."

"Are you busy?"

"Yes, doin' nuthin'."

"You'se the chap I want."

It startled Pete; somebody wanted him.—He answered:

"What for?"

"To go to town and get me a bottle of whisky."

"Can't do it."

Now the man was started. He asked: "Why not?"

"Don't drink it myself, an' never put it in other folks', way."

"But this is for a very sick man."

"Shore nuff?"

"Yes."

"Where's he at?"

"Up at camp, there," pointing to a smoke in the woods.

Pete went the errand and returned. It was a railway surveying party. He took supper with them.

"The sick man will have to go home," said the one he met at the spring. "You look like you were used to the climate, and if you've got nothing to do I'll give you a job."

"What is it?" asked Pete, doubtfully.

"Carrying a chain. You can carry a chain, I reckon. It isn't very heavy," he added, with a laugh.

"I'll try it erwhile, anyhow."

A year passed. Doreas Womble, the sheriff, had asked Suckey to be his wife. She refused. Womble was a middle-aged man with large ears that stood out at right angles from his head, making his freckle face and comprehensive mouth appear as in bas-relief. He smoked an imitation meerschaum pipe, which was ornamented with red tassels. A whiskey drinker, he was, both by choice and necessity; through choice he loved it, and through necessity because no man could be even a candidate for the office without the capacity of least a quart a day.

"Hello, Doreas, come in here," said the grocery keeper as he was passing one morning.

"All right, Doc."

Mr. Roundtree got his title of "doctor" for once having carried on his business in a prohibition county. He was hair-lipped and had a "game" leg. In walking he steered sideways, and when he talked he turned his face up in a similar manner and closed one eye. "You see," he explained, "I've got er purty goodsized morgidge on old Dunscomb's house an' lot, an' I s'pose I'd jest ez well close down. The funeral's over, and I reck'n that gal uv his—you know Suckey—iz done cryin'. She an' them little uns iz in er bad fix; but he got my money, an' I want it."

The sale took place at the court-house door.

"Now, gentlemen," spoke the sheriff from the top of a barrel to the crowd sitting around on dry-goods boxes, "how much for this property? The house ain't much, but the location's good. Valued at two hundred dollars—one hundred more'n the debt. How much?"

"Two hundred dollars," said a voice. It came from a stranger who leaned against a post at the entrance of the building. The sheriff looked at him.

The stranger was Pete. He looked better, all over, than a year ago; but his nose gave him away. All knew him.

"Waal," sneered the sheriff, "people 'bout here thought you wuz in the penitencherry."

"You're sellin' er piece uv property, an' I'm er biddin' on it," said Pete, evading the insult. "Go erhead, and cry my bid."

"You know what I allers do with er man who bids in what he can't pay fur?"

"I'm here," replied Pete, quietly.

He cried Pete's bid. No one raised it. The deed was made out in Suckey's name.

"Suckey," he said that evening while he stood in the kitchen and looked at her as she "cleaned up things," "you done it all. I've got a job now: gettin' out ties fur the railroad that'll be thunderin' erlong through this country purty soon. If—"

"What's that an' what they got?" she broke in, as two men entered the yard with something between them.

"Nothin' but er stove. I thought you'd been boudin' over er fire-place long ernuff, so I jest picked out this un up town ez I come erlong."

"An' this package—what's it?"

"Your weddin' dress, Suckey, ef you'll take All-Nose Pete with it."

She took him.—[Charles S. Blackburn.

LADIES WHO BLOAT.

What a great number there are; how uncomfortable it makes them; it is almost impossible for those afflicted to enjoy life. In my private practice I have always found Sulphur Bitters to be the best remedy. All those who are thus troubled should use it. MRS. DR. CHILDS, Boston.

What Ned Tombs saw at the Bottom of His Glass,

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"You have done well, Ned," said his older neighbor, Allan Thorndyke. "You have a good farm, comfortable house and plenty of buildings, to show for your work."

"And honest work, too, neighbor."

"Yes, I agree with you."

There was one matter though in which the two men did not agree. Ned, the younger, said, "excuse me one moment, please," and the next minute, the sound of a spoon jingling in a glass was heard at an adjoining closet. "He won't agree with me in this thing," thought Ned referring to the last remark of his neighbor. Leaving the closet, he said, "I don't suppose I could induce you to join me in this pleasure."

Allan replied by taking out a little book, saying, "I wish I could induce you to join me in this matter and put your name down here."

"In your pledge-book?"

"Yes."

"I think, neighbor, you rather overdraw the bow in that thing. Now look here. I don't believe in these impure, adulterated nuisances they sell as liquor. But when it's pure, where's the harm in taking a little? I have worked hard as you say, and I have got a good farm, good fields and good buildings. Why shouldn't I enjoy them? Now I contend that the liquor I take is pure. I just want you to look down into the bottom of my glass and see if you notice any sediment there. Pure, I tell ye."

Allan Thorndyke rose and looked down into the glass the young farmer had extended.

"Neighbor," he said in his serious way, "I can't tell whether the liquor is pure or impure, but I can tell you what I see at the bottom of your glass if you keep on. I see the fine farm you have earned, all of it down there and dissolving. I see the crops you have raised. I see this very house, and that, too, is going. I see even the clothes of the family, the shoes of your children, the—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Ned laughing. "You have got the dyspepsia and you only see your own blues down there."

Allan Thorndyke shook his head and said pleasantly yet significantly, "No, not my blues, but a neighbor's possible future, a neighbor whom I think a good deal of."

"Much obliged for that," called out Ned to Allan Thorddyke, "but don't you worry."

The older man went off silently, again shaking his head pleasantly yet significantly.

"I do believe the man is losing his senses. Pure liquor; and yet he pretends to see all those tombstones in this glass!" said Ned to himself. Declaring it to be all nonsense, Ned sat down and looked again into his glass.

"I believe I am sleepy," he exclaimed, "and I think I'll take another glass to wake me up. No, half a glass."

He concluded not to take it, though, but continued to occupy his chair, drowsily gazing into his glass. After awhile he said, "What do I see in there?" It took the form of crops, grass, grain, vegetables, and as he looked, it steadily disappeared in the liquor that overflowed and molted away. "What! Not cattle and horses, all my live stock?" he asked as he saw new objects in the devouring glass. These, too, soon lost all form and outline, and vanished. "And barns!" he exclaimed in horror. These, too, began to dissolve until Ned saw only "pure liquor" in the bottom of the glass. The next object startled him more painfully than anything witnessed before; it was his house, his home, the kitchen so snug and cozy on stormy days, the chambers where his children had been born, the parlor to which he brought his betrothed and where they stood up together to be married in their new home.

"It surely won't destroy this?" he said. But the omnivorous fluid began to eat away as before, rooms, furniture, wardrobe, the very clothes and shoes of his wife and children. The work of destruction was so complete that if Allan Thorndyke himself had been there and had looked in, he would not have seen the least sediment, only "pure liquor." Then this "pure liquor" began to stir, as if fermenting. It began to throw up all manner of impurities, vileness out of the very heart of all this impurity, creeping things, reptiles, serpents that eyed him wickedly and shot out their hissing fangs at him, coming nearer and nearer—till they stung him; and—then did he see Evil One himself grasping after him? "Ugh!" he groaned and dropped the glass, which woke him!

"Where am I?" he asked. He was in his own home, occupying the seat he took a little while ago, while about him was his farm, and he heard the voices of his children and wife echoing pleasantly from the garden before the house. And there, too, was his neighbor, Allan Thorndyke, who had walked to his home and now returned to deliver an errand for his daughter.

"Allan," said the young farmer, "have you that pledge-book?"

"I have."

"Let me see it."

Ned opened it, and, under the pledge of total abstinence, wrote, "Edward Tombs."

"Thank God!" said Allan Thorndyke.

"There is my glass, neighbor," said Ned, "on the floor, the bottom out. Since you were here, I have seen so many things in its bottom, that, God helping me, that bottom shall never be put back again but stay a shattered thing forever."

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Mr. Lushly," said his wife at the breakfast table, "you are a brute. Nobody but a brute would add insult to injury, the way you did last night."

Lushly made no inquiries, but his wife went on:

"You came home in a state of beastly intoxication as usual, and I didn't say a word to you except, 'So you're drunk again!'"

"What did I do?" inquired Lushly, his curiosity getting the better of him.

"You hiccoughed and said 'Shesh nuts!' that's what you did," and she wept at the very recollection.

Those who search for gold, dig much earth, and find but little.

Broad A Clubs.

In an intellectually inclined city (not in the north-east) a club of ladies has been formed for the cultivation of the broad *a* in speech. Sporadic efforts have hitherto been made for the proper treatment of this letter of the alphabet with individual success, especially with those who have been in England, or have known English men and women of the broad-gauge variety. Discerning travellers have made the American pronunciation of the letter *a* a reproach to the republic, that is to say, a means of distinguishing a native of this country. The true American aspires to be cosmopolitan, and does not want to be "spotted"—if that word may be used—in society by any peculiarity of speech, that is, by any American peculiarity. Why, at the bottom of the matter, a narrow *a* should be a disgrace it is not easy to see, but it needs no reason if fashion or authority condemns it. This country is so spread out, without any social or literary centre universally recognized as such, and, the narrow *a* has become so prevalent, that even fashion finds it difficult to reform it. The best people, who are determined to broaden all their *a*'s, will forget in moments of excitement, and fall back into old habits. It requires constant vigilance to keep the letter *a* flattened out. It is in vain that scholars have pointed out that the use of this letter lies the main difference between the English and the American speech; either Americans generally do not care if this is the fact, or fashion can only work a reform in a limited number of people. It seems therefore necessary that there should be an organized effort to deal with this pronunciation, and clubs will no doubt be formed all over the country, in imitation of the one mentioned, until the broad *a* will become as common as flies in summer. When this result is attained it will be time to attack the sound of *a* with clubs, and make universal the French sound. In time the American pronunciation will become as superior to all others as are the American sewing-machines and reapers. In the Broad A Club every member who misbehaves—that is, mispronounces—is fined a nickle for each offence. Of course in the beginning there is a good deal of revenue from this source, but the revenue diminishes as the club improves, so that we have the anomaly of its failure to be self-supporting in proportion to its excellence. Just now, if these clubs could suddenly become universal, and the penalty be enforced, we could have the means of paying off the national debt in a year.—[Charles Dudley Warner, in Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine for May.

Tomorrow's Church Services.

Protestant Episcopal.

TRINITY PARISH, Rev. George L. Magill, rector. Holy communion at 8 A. M. and evensongs at 7.30 in Ray Chapel; morning service at 10.45 and children's service at 3.30 P. M. in Trinity Church. The Holy Communion is also celebrated in Trinity Church at 10.45 A. M. on the first Sunday in the month, and when the Sunday is a special Feast Day. Sunday school at 2.30 P. M.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, Rev. R. H. Fiske, rector. Morning prayer at 11 A. M.; evening prayer at 7.30 P. M. Sunday school at 1.45 P. M.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, Rhode Island avenue Rev. C. G. Gilbat, D. D. rector Services—8 o'clock early celebration every Sunday, and at 11 also the first Sunday in the month. Services with sermon 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sunday school 2.30 P. M. and children's service at 3.15.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, Poplar street, Rev. S. W. Moran, rector. Holy communion every Sunday morning at 7.30, also in connection with the 10.30 service on the first Sunday of the month. Morning prayer and Litany at 10.30. Evensong at 7.30. Sunday school at 2.15 P. M.

ST. MARY'S PARISH, South Portsmouth, R. I., Rev. Geo. Herbert Patterson Rector. ST. MARY'S CHURCH, First and third Sundays of each month, Morning Prayer, Sermon, and Holy Communion, 10.30 A. M.; other Sundays, Morning Prayer, Litany and Sermon, 10.30 A. M.

HOLY CROSS CHAPEL, Middletown, Rev. Geo. Herbert Patterson rector. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 2.30 P. M.; Sunday School, 3.30 P. M.

ST. COLUMBA—The Berkeley Memorial Chapel—on the South-east Cliffs, Rev. John B. Binnan, minister. Sunday-school at 10.30 A. M. Evening prayer and sermon at 3.00 P. M.

Baptist.

FIRST CHURCH—Rev. E. P. Tuller, pastor. Preaching at 10.45 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Bible service at 3 P. M.

SECOND CHURCH, Rev. S. W. Stevens, pastor. Sunday school at 10.30 A. M.; preaching at 3.00 and 7.30 P. M.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, Rev. Warren Randolph, D. D., pastor. Morning Service at 10.45. Evening service at 7.30 Bible school at 3 P. M.

SHILOH CHURCH, Rev. H. N. Jeter; services:—Sermon at 10.45 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Sabbath school at 2 P. M.

Methodist Episcopal.

FIRST CHURCH, Rev. J. A. L. Rich, sermon at 10.45 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Sunday school at 1.45 P. M.; Evening service at 7.30.

THAMES STREET, Rev. W. I. Ward. Preaching at 3 P. M.; Sunday-school at 10.30 A. M.; praise and social service at 7.30 P. M.

TENT CHAPEL, Bellevue avenue, Rev. Arthur W. Upshaw, pastor; services 11 A. M., 3.30 and 8 P. M. Sunday school at 1.30 P. M.

MIDDLETOWN FOUR CORNERS, Middletown, Rev. J. F. Cooper, pastor; Sunday school 10.30 A. M.; preaching 2.00 P. M.; evening service at 7.00 o'clock.

Congregational.

UNITED CHURCH, Rev. Forest F. Emerson, pastor; worship and preaching at 10.45 A. M.; Sunday school at 2.30 P. M.; service in Pelham street chapel at 7.30 P. M.; Society of Christian Endeavor Mondays at 7.30 P. M.; social service Wednesdays at 8.00 P. M.

UNION CHURCH, Rev. M. Van Horne, pastor; preaching at 3 and 7.30 P. M. Sabbath school at 11.30 A. M.

Presbyterian.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GRACE CHAPEL, Wellington ave. and Thames st., Rev. R. Gordon Mackay. Sunday services: Morning worship, 10.45 A. M. Sunday school 2.30 P. M. Preaching, 7.45 P. M. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 8 o'clock. All welcome.

Roman Catholic.

ST. MARY'S, Rev. Philip Grace, D. D.; low mass at 7, 8 and 9; high mass at 10.30 A. M. Vespers at 3 P. M.

ST. JOSEPH'S, Clarke and Tonnostreets, Rev. James Coyle and Rev. William I. Simmons; low masses at 7, 8 and 9, high mass and sermon at 10.30; vespers, conference and benediction at 7.30 P. M.

Unitarian.

CHANNING MEMORIAL CHURCH. Morning service at 10.45; Sunday school at 12.00 P. M.

Young Men's Christian Association.

165 Thames street. Praise service for men only, every Sunday at 6 P. M., in the Lecture Room. Brief addresses and good singing. Young men and strangers in the city especially invited to attend.

FRIENDS' CHURCH, cor. Marlboro' and Farewell streets. Forenoon services, 10.30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 3 P. M.; Prayer meeting, 7 P. M. Thursday meetings—Forenoon services, 10.30 A. M.; Prayer meeting, 7.30 P. M.

Horsford's BAKING POWDER.

The only pure phosphatic powder made.

Restores to the flour the nutritious phosphates lost in bolting. No other powder does this. It is healthful and nutritious. Put up in bottles.

VITALITY IS LIFE.

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Scrofula, Humors, Blood Poisoning, Dropsy and Liver Complaint yield promptly to its use. ☞Forty sworn testimonials of its efficacy, sent on application to Lougee Medical Co., Lynn, Mass.

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It is worth $5 per dose yet only costs $1 per bottle, and can be found at

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two and one-half miles from Newport on the

WEST MAIN ROAD

leading from Newport to Bristol Ferry, containing about twenty acres of land, with house, barn, crib and other buildings.

For further particulars and terms apply to

JOSHUA C. ARNOLD,
East Greenwich R. I.

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FOR SALE.

A Very Handsome New House.

built of stone and brick. It is situated on the westerly side of Bellevue avenue, opposite Mr. Belmont's. The lot has 130 feet front and contains about 53,000 square feet. This most desirable place we will sell at a very reasonable price.

APPLY TO

Porter & Forsyth,

22 & 24 BELLEVUE AVENUE.

1-26-2w

60 by 110.

FOR SALE,

BUILDING LOTS,

60 by 110 (6600 square feet of land) for one hundred and fifty dollars, situated on the Howland plat, south of the Ferry Road and west of Howland avenue, Jamestown, Conanicut Island.

These lots are only a short distance from the Ferry, and now is the time to secure a good building lot for only $150, as the number is limited at that price. Apply to

Daniel Watson,

235 THAMES STREET,

where plat can be seen.

CALIFORNIA AND PARNELL

Peaches,

From 25 to 50c. per doz.

CHOICE STOCK.

CARRY BROS.

Edison Light SERVICE.

APPLY TO

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Is always provided with the very best quality o

Fresh and Salt Beef, Pork, Veal Mutton, Lamb, Poultry, Ham Pigs' Feet, Tripe, Etc., and Vegetables of all kinds in their Season.

GEORGE M. HAZARD, Proprietor, 92 BROADWAY.

CHASE'S RENOVATING COMPOUND FOR DISEASES OF POULTRY.

A T the solicitation of many people who have used this remedy for their poultry the discoverer has put it in the market.

JOHN H. CHASE, Proprietor,
General Agency at Taylor's Pharmacy, 106 Broadway. 8-26

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

The rush for Oklahoma this week has been something fearful. It is estimated that 100,000 people have gone there within the week, many of whom have come out thoroughly dissatisfied with the "promised land."

The military parade on Tuesday and the civic parade on Wednesday in New York will be the largest ever seen in this country. Positions for the civic procession have already been granted to 100,000 men.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has established an inviolable rule that no postoffice shall be kept in a saloon, or in any room from which a saloon may be entered. This will make it necessary to abolish the post offices in many of the western towns.

The Rhode Island General Assembly after a session of over three months has at length adjourned. It takes a long time to make the laws for this little state. Still this legislature has been as industrious as any of its predecessors.

Yellow fever has broken out again in Florida. One case has been discovered in Sanford. If the fever gets a firm hold again this year, the northern people who have invested their capital there might as well make up their minds that the investment is permanent.

The only way our people can get manufacturing industries to come to Newport is by putting Newport capital into the industries. There is enough Newport money invested in outside enterprises to build up half a dozen large manufacturing establishments in Newport. It is not to be expected that foreign capital will seek this place when home capital is being sent somewhere else.

The state tax has been increased from 12 cents on a $100 which was the rate in 1888 to 18 cents on $100. An increase of one half in two years shows that something is wrong. In 1886, when the state tax was only twelve cents the state was paying $100,000 a year into the sinking fund. Now that sum has been cut down to $50,000 and still the state is running behind. The sum of money required to attempt to enforce prohibition is something enormous, and still prohibition is not enforced.

Constitutional prohibition has also failed in Massachusetts. New Hampshire a few weeks ago declared against it and on Monday Massachusetts voted against it by over 42,000 majority. Every city in the state voted against the amendment with the simple exception of Somerville which gave a small majority the other way. Boston gave 20,000 majority against it. The vote was so decided and emphatic that it is very doubtful if the question be tried again in that state for many years. Many places that have always voted no license, gave decided majorities against Constitutional prohibition.

An exchange says: "Of the 3500 votes cast for the Law and Order ticket at the recent election about one thousand were contributed by Democrats." Such a statement is too ridiculous to be answered. Probably if any one should offer five dollars for every simon-pure Democratic vote cast for the Law enforcement ticket in April the entire expense for premiums would not be over fifty cents. A Democrat never votes anything but the party ticket. He may grumble about his party, and he may not be on speaking terms with its nominees but he goes to the polls and votes the straight ticket all the same.

We publish in this issue an exceedingly interesting and timely article upon the "Dorr Rebellion," by Mr. James C. Swan, one of the participants in that glorious but bloodless fight. Mr. Swan probably gives a better account of those stormy times in the history of Rhode Island than has ever before been written. The promptness with which the Artillery Company, under the command of Col. William B. Swan, responded to the calls of the Governor of the state shows that this organization could always be relied upon in time of danger. It shows too that our Providence friends, although anxious, then as now, for the place of honor in times of holiday show, yet when they come down to actual business and they smell danger ahead, then they are willing that others shall bear off the honors. The "right of the line" was awarded to the Artillery Company without a question on that occasion, and the Providence troops were glad to shelter themselves behind the sturdy sons of Newport as they marched up Federal Hill. The same spirit animates the organizations of the two cities now as in the days of '42. The jealousy manifested by the militia of the state towards the Artillery Company has never been more apparent than in the last few weeks. The Providence Light Infantry, nearly half a century ago in the wilds of Chepachet, were only too glad of an opportunity to march behind the Newport soldiery. Now on a dress parade occasion where the eyes of half the nation are to observe them they object to any one but themselves occupying the place of honor. The controversy that our neighbors up the river have been carrying on for some weeks past over the Newport Artillery Company is unworthy the men engaged in it and the sooner it is ended the better it will be for the good feeling that should exist between the two sections of the State.

The article will also appear in the

The Land Fever in Oklahoma.

The land in that part of the Indian Territory not occupied by Indians to-day exceeds 20,000,000 acres. But the land which was thrown open to settlers in Oklahoma on the 22d inst., by virtue of the President's proclamation, is a fraction less than 2,000,000 acres. Besides this tract a Commission has been appointed to treat with the Cherokees for the sale of 6,000,000 acres in that part of the Indian Territory to be known hereafter as Oklahoma. It is proposed to pay the Cherokees for all this land at the rate of $1.25 an acre. The only opposition to this sale comes from the cattle-men, who have heretofore obtained leases of the land. The price paid by the Government would yield a larger return in the way of interest than is derived from the cattlemen. If the Cherokee purchase is made, it is estimated that within a year there will be 150,000 people in Oklahoma.

Since the rush to California in '49, there has been nothing like the preparation to invade Oklahoma. There is this difference. The early adventurers setting out for California were not attracted by the advantages of cheap land. Probably, of all the first 50,000 there were not a hundred who expected to take up lands for farms. But the multitudes proposing to enter Oklahoma are all after land. Gold does not attract them; for up to this date, not enough has been found to pay for a single good farm. The curious fact is that while there is a vast area open to settlement in all the new States and Territories, apparently ten persons propose to seek land in Oklahoma for one who can acquire a homestead before the area thrown open to settlers is enlarged.

Thousands of people like the very excitement which is attended with personal danger. They are ready for any adventure. In former times many thousands went to Kansas, not because the land was better, nor because there were any extraordinary advantages, but rather because there were more dangers to be encountered. A border warfare did not repel them, but was actually an attractive circumstance.

If, as many have predicted, the Cherokee lands shall be bought and opened for settlement a few months hence, and 150,000 people are massed in Oklahoma, not only would a Territorial organization follow, but so great a population would at least be the germ of a new State, provided a sufficient area for settlement is finally secured. If the next apportionment is on the basis of 200,000 for members of Congress, that would necessarily carry with it the condition that all Territories hereafter to be admitted as States must have the requisite population for the election of one member of Congress on the new basis. Prospectively, then, Oklahoma if organized as a Territory will remain such until the population has been increased to the limit of 200,000.

General Assembly.

The Senate of the General Assembly appropriated $1000 for the expense of Warden Viall in fighting forger Brockway under Gov. Davis' administration. Senator Dixon resigned his seat in the General Assembly, and also his position on the State Board of Charities and Corrections. Orlando R. Smith, of Westerly, was appointed to fill the vacancy on the State Board. The Governor appointed the governors of the State House for disabled soldiers and sailors as follows: Prof. Alonzo Williams and Col. John Hare Powel for three years, Gen. Elisha H. Rhodes and Gideon Spencer for two years and Charles C. Gray and Geo. T. Cranston for one year. The proposed increase of tax on Savings Banks was defeated. The petition of the sundry citizens from Newport for power for the City Council to exempt from taxation certain manufacturing industries if they will locate in Newport, was defeated on the ground that it was unconstitutional. The Senate killed the bill abolishing chief of state police. The act making April 30 a legal holiday passed in concurrence. The House passed the factory inspection bill, and also the bill to raise state tax from 14 to 18 cents on $100 passed the House.

On Thursday the Senate indefinitely postponed the Factory Inspection bill, and practically abolished the office of Commissioner of Industrial Statistics. The Mechanics lien law was referred to the next May Session. The bill for the prevention of carrying swill, etc., through the town of Portsmouth was indefinitely postponed. An appropriation of $15,000 was made for new building at the state home and school. The Newport Horse Railroad Co. was given power to lease property to the Connelly Street Railway and Equipment Co.

It is rumored that the Oklahoma boomers will destroy railroad bridges to prevent "tender feet" from making prompt entries of lands. In that case the President by another proclamation changing the time, and if need be the conditions of opening the territory, would frustrate the schemes of these frontiersmen who seem to think that in a grab game they would have all the rights.

Australian advices report feeling running high there in favor of the United States in the Samoan matter. The Australians have a great country and their ideas are as wide as their acres. They object to European annexation of the islands in the expectation that some day they will share with the United States the domination of the Pacific.

Stanley does not seem to have done Emin Pasha any practical service, but he has got the "makin's" of a first rate book for his own benefit, so he may consider his expedition a success if he

Mr. Pearce's Benefit.

The benefit entertainment of Mr. Pearce, Thursday evening, was an entire success, made so by the co-operation of his many friends as actors and audience. The programme which was a most excellent one, was most admirably executed. Where all did so well to particularize would be invidious. It is sufficient to say that all won golden opinions from the audience; everybody appeared to be happy, and none more so than the veteran recipient of the attentions of his fellow citizens. The opening address of Mr. L. D. Davis was highly eulogistic and graphically descriptive of incidents occurring in the 30 years residence of Mr. Pearce in Newport. Below we are able to give the poems read during the evening each of which was original:

The first was the Poem of Welcome, by B. W. Pearce, in which he ran the "Poetikal Masheen," in the following style:

POEM BY MR. PEARCE.

Kind friends and neighbors, gathered here,
On me this boon bestowing,
My heart warms up toward each of you,
With gratitude o'erflowing.
I'm honored by your presence friends,
And flattered beyond measure,
And to the latest hours of life,
I'll its remembrance treasure.

'Tis not that I aspire to fame
That this event I've ordered;
But all my years of life with you
With kindness have been bordered;
And drawing well toward the close
Of a long life's sojourning,
It seemed to me as not amiss
To give a pleasant turning,
By inviting all who've known me here
To congregate together,
And in two hours of speech and song,
Hold converse with each other.

I would not view this act of yours
In light of an ovation,
But rather as a friendly show
Of kind consideration
For one who's nearing the confines
Of life's remotest border,
So that it's only left for him
To set his house in order,
Await the summons till it comes,
For dust to dust returning,
So that the messenger may find
His lamps all trimmed and burning.
Three score and ten are our years on earth,
That is by Scripture's teaching;
But few there are of mankind's hosts
That goal of promise reaching.
That I've got there you see, to-night,
Don't think, my friends, I'm boasting,
'Tis only through hard knocks I'm here,
And now and then a roasting,
Perils by sea and dangers by land,
And blasted hopes enduring.
I've traveled on from stage to stage,
With prospects not assuring.
I've not gone with the multitude,
Because 't was smoother sailing,
But pulled against the stream and hoped
To see the right prevailing.
For fifty years a hope forlorn
Your uncle's been pursuing,
While trust in God his watchword's been,
With hope his heart imbuing.
He may not live to see the day
Of his hopes' glad fruition,
But it will come, as sure as God lives,
And right have recognition.

There are many here whom I have known
Almost a generation,
To whom I own indebtedness,
For kind consideration.
And courtesies on every hand
Have to me been extended,
Unto the present period, when
My course is almost ended.
I was inducted fair and square,
The first year brought to wrestle
With grim old Death, when I went down,
Beneath the Taunton vessel.
You elder ones remember it,
To others it don't matter,
But let me say I had, for once,
Sufficient of cold water.
Ye men before me whom I've known
For near a generation,
And whom I've seen with honor fill
Each his respective station,
A hearty greeting, each of you
May years sit on you lightly,
And through the balance of your days
The star of hope shine brightly.
Some here, have stood on battle fields,
When death was thick around them,
And every crisis of the cause
At post of duty found them;
The strife being o'er, each found his place
At peaceful occupation,
And now shine forth, Grand Army men,
Who helped to save the nation.
And now I reach another class,
And beg leave to address them,
In numbers they are here, to-night,
The ladies, dear, God bless them!
They bear along, where'er they go,
An air of love about them,
A boon to man, God bless their souls!
What should we do without them!
I've little more to say to-night,
But leave the fields to others,
Who've kindly come to help me out,
Like sisters and like brothers.
Youth and age are here to aid,
A truly fine arraignment
Of talent you will find, dear friends,
Make up this entertainment.
A hearty welcome to you all,
Heaven from all sorrow free you,
When you get old, if I'm alive,
I'll sure come round and see you.

Miss Julia Lawton sang most charmingly the following original song, words by Mr. B. W. Pearce.

SONG BY MISS LAWTON.

Good Friends assembled here, to night,
Gathered from every quarter,
I introduce myself to you,
As a young farmer's daughter.

Chorus.

I hunt the eggs of rambling hens,
In summer do the raking.
I pick the berries when they're ripe,
Help mother with the baking.

I go to school in winter time,
To get a little learning,
And go to market once a week,
An honest penny earning.

There's John and Peter, Susan, too,
My sister and my brothers,
Who when they are not plagueing me,
Are bothering some others.

When I grow up, like some of you,
Some farmer's son I'll marry,
And then I'll have some one who will
My eggs to market carry.

If you want rosy cheeks and health
I'll tell you—you had oughter,
Come out of town and live with me
And be a farmer's daughter.

The second poem in order was by Mrs. R. P. Buss, of Boston, eldest daughter of Mr. Pearce:

POEM BY MRS. BUSS.

To My Father on His 70th Birthday.

Seventy years make history!
Where they are gone seems mystery,
When we look along their track.
Silent they've lapped them, one by one,
Into the vanished past they're gone,
Beyond all calling back.

Young was this century of ours,
When he began life's toilsome hours.
This friend with three score crowned.
Great are the deeds its years have seen.
Great, too, the deeds he's done, I ween.
Though not by fame renowned.

The 'lectric wire that girds the earth,
Had seen but an uncertain birth
When his life's boat set sail.
The iron steed had just begun
His level rails to race along
When he'd reached manhood's pale.

Those were the days when slavery reigned,
Both at the South, where men were trained
To wield its mighty power,
And at the North, where children small,
Toiled 'mid the din of factories tall
From dawn till twilight's hour.

So did he drudge in cotton mills,
With scarce one joy his heart to fill,
Through all his boyhood years,
Until the printer's craft he learned,
Slaking the thirst that in him burned
For all that knowledge bears.

To old hand-press his grammar strapped,
In study deep his young brains wrapped,
While feet paced to and fore,
Learning the rules while hands wrought hard,
Storing away in mind each word
To add to wisdom's store.

The magic key unlocked his life,
With thousand plans his brain was rife,
To fortunes win, and fame,
Putting his hand to wrong's redress,
Giving relief to each distress,
Heedless of praise or blame.

Shining they stand, those blissful years,
Brimming with hope that knew no fears,
Living with love and light.
O blessed glamour of happy youth!
Too soon we learn how little truth
Its veil hides from our sight.

Years when fortune forgot to bless
But dealt her keenest blow.
Friends found faithless and trust betrayed,
Hopes proved futile and love deep laid
Beneath the winter's snow.

Then 'mid clamor of war's alarm,
Aquidneck swept him within her arm
And 'came his dwelling-place.
Home of his love! He asked no more
To spend his life on her smiling shore,
Then sleep in her embrace.

Into these peaceful years there broke
A blow, as sudden as earthquake shock
The STAR fell from the skies!
He was old. It seemed his brain must craze,
One moment he spared to dire amaze,
Then—started the ENTERPRISE.

Worthy the name of such a birth!
Worthy success, such sterling worth!
O Long may it live and thrive.
Long may its editor and all
Its honored staff respond to call,
In dear old Newport's hive.

Full be his closing years of joy
Without one trace of cares alloy,
'Till his life's work be done.
Then shall the Hand that's wreathed his head
With silver, crown with gold instead,
In an immortal home.
—Mt. Bowdoin, Dorchester, Mass.

Ex-Mayor Knight, of Providence who came down on purpose to attend the entertainment, read the following from his seat in the audience:

POEM BY HON. J. C. KNIGHT.

MR. PEARCE:
Your permission I crave for a few moments' attention,
To perform a small part which the programme don't mention,
My wishes for your future well being t'express,
With hopes that in this world they'll never be less,
As three score and ten your years number now,
To the inevitable we know you cheerfully bow.
Many more years we trust you'll be spared,
Tho' for the *better life* you're no doubt prepared.
Your friends, they are legion, have "come up to the scratch,"
Vieing with each other with kindness to match.
Respect for your age and industry unexcelled,
Their presence shows how in their hearts you are held.
Editor, foreman, compositor, carrier, *printer's devil*,
In all these employments you keep your head at clevel.
In your city 't is said no other is found
Tripping more nimbly over the ground.
Your years of service on the Providence Press,
Correspondent from Newport, all will confess,
Were highly acceptable, faithful and true,
The items you gave us being spicy and new.
Now we have the ENTERPRISE weekly at hand,
Careful attention 't is sure to command,
The contents of interest evidence labor,
To set forth the right for stranger and neighbor.
In the promotion of temp'rance you've labored quite long,
Likewise Prohibition advocated strong,
Of your desire to do good no one has a doubt,
And this for your neighbors you would bring about.
May you live long and prosper, enjoying good health,
Better, far, if we think it, than what we call wealth,
For when the time comes from earth us to sever,
Our wealth is no weight in the balance whatever.
On this occasion so rare to those here,
Friends, all of them, by you held dear,
An hour of great joy you appreciate I know,
While friends in hundreds their confidence show.
Material aid 'tis hoped you'll derive
From the favor your friends' generosity contrive,
To show their good will, a warm greeting extend—
Remembrance you'll cherish of it to the end.
As the even tenor of your way you yet will pursue,
Doing with your might what your hands find to do,
Kind wishes of all friends as long as you live,
Good cheer on your way is the "bumper" I give.

The audience then sang the following in Auld Lang Syne, the words by Mr. J. W. Sherman, of Boston:

CLOSING SONG.

Revolving still, another year,
With swift-winged flight hath sped
Old Time, with unrelaxed career,
Moves on with steady tread.
Of these three-score-and-ten have flown,
In quick succession by,
Since first the light in radiance shone
On thee from Nature's sky.

Through many trials, since, thou'st passed,
Relieved by happy hours.
Like as the cold, bleak winter's frost
Succumbs to summer flowers.
In pleasure's temple thou hast fed,
In sorrow's path hast trod,
Blessings been showered on thine head,
Fresh from the hand of God.

In health and vigor thou art spared
Autumnal years to see;
And may these long be unimpaired,
From wordly cares set free.
Of solid comfort now partake,
Thy latter years enjoy.
The careworn paths of life forsake,
And ease thy mind's employ.

From earthly wants securely screened,
At peace with all mankind,
May thoughts that have affliction seemed
Be by thee left behind.
And now may life's tempestuous sea
To thee become serene,
And what few fleeting years there be
One bright transcendent dream.

Resolutions of the Corporation of Trinity Church.

The following resolutions were passed unanimously by the corporation of Trinity Church yesterday afternoon:—

Whereas, George C. Mason, Esq., the beloved senior warden of Trinity Church, has resigned the position which he has so ably, faithfully and honorably filled for more than forty years, we the corporation of Trinity Church cannot permit so grave an act to occur without placing on record our deep regret that he should sever his connection with the vestry, our earnest declaration that we only accept his resignation at his most urgent request, and on his positive refusal to reconsider his decision.

Resolved, that the corporation of Trinity Church have experienced a loss of the gravest nature in losing the services of so experienced, accomplished and zealous officer.

Resolved, That the corporation unanimously vote their thanks to the retiring senior warden for his long and faithful services and declare that in so doing they only fulfill in a very feeble way their duty.

Resolved, That the church of which he has for so long a period been so bright an ornament has received an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the newspapers of this city, and in the "Living Church," and that a copy be sent to his family.

A true copy. Attest:
WILLIAM E. DENNIS, Secretary.
Newport, April 22, 1889.

Centennial Service.

Rev. Messrs. Tuller, Ward and Van Horne have been appointed a committee of the Ministers' Union to arrange for a service of prayer and praise at the United Congregational church on Tuesday, April 30, at 9 A. M., in accordance with the proclamation of the President. The choir of the church will lead the congregation in song, and will also sing appropriate anthems. Several clergymen of the city will assist in the service and Rev. Dr. Randolph will give an address.

JAMESTOWN.

On Thursday afternoon at 12.30 at St. Matthew's church, Mr. S. Engs Carr, of Newport, was married to Miss Sallie Champlin, of this town, Rev. G. J. Magill, of Newport, officiated, assisted by Rev. S. W. Childs. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. William Champlin, and little Mamie Champlin acted as maid. Mr. William G. Ward, Jr., of Newport, officiated as best man. The ushers were Mr. Harry Champlin, of this place, and Messrs. Clarence A. Carr, Harry H. Lawton and Marshall W. Hall, of Newport. Mr. John Rogers of that place presided at the organ.

On Tuesday last at mortgagees sale Mr. Elijah Anthony auctioneer, sold a lot of land on Walcott avenue and Lincoln and Union streets belonging to Mrs. Marian Fife, to Mr. P. H. Horgan, of Newport, for $10,050. This is something over fifty cents a foot. The land

Public School Celebrations.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, Newport, R. I., April 28, 1889.

TO THE TEACHERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In accordance with the act of the General Assembly of April 24, and the proclamation of His Excellency the Governor, issued that day, the public schools will be closed on Tuesday, April 30, the centennial anniversary of Washington's inauguration. During the afternoon session of April 29th, each teacher is requested to spend some time with his class upon lessons appropriate to the occasion, including historical and patriotic readings, recitations, and music, together with definite instruction from the teacher upon the deep significance of the event. Let Governor Taft's proclamation be read, and let the pupils be enjoined to unite with their parents in observing the holiday as one "of special thanksgiving to Almighty God."

Friday, May 3d, having been appointed by his Excellency the Governor as Arbor Day, all the schools, excepting the first and the second grammar grades and a portion of the high school, will be dismissed on that day, for the purpose of enabling the young people to observe the day suitably at their homes. On the afternoon preceding, Thursday, May 2, it is requested that there be conducted in each schoolroom, excepting those of the first and second grammar classes, a brief exercise upon the general theme of Arbor Day, including instruction from the teacher, readings, recitations, and music from the pupils, together with voluntary reports from individuals upon the results of their efforts to celebrate Arbor Day in previous years. Let the Governor's proclamation of April 15th, appointing the day, be read, and let as many as possible of the pupils be pledged to devote a portion of the holiday, under the direction of their parents, to the work of beautifying the grounds of their homes by planting trees and shrubbery, by gardening, or by some labor with their own hands upon the care of the land and its products.

The first and the second grammar classes and the portion of the high school excepted above will hold their exercises, not on Thursday in the school-rooms, but on Friday, Arbor Day, in the Coddington Hall, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. All the teachers of the schools and the pupils above the second primary grade are invited to attend, with their older friends, to the extent of the capacity of the hall. The young people are requested to wear decorations of flowers. The exercises, in addition to those named above, will include brief addresses by members of the School Committee and other friends of education, and during the programme a detachment of the young men of the high school, armed with shovels and under command of one of the instructors, will retire from the hall for a time, to march out Broadway and plant each a tree by the roadside, under the general direction of the highway authorities.

It is hoped that through the cordial efforts of the teachers the celebration in school of the two holidays of the coming week, comparatively quiet though it be, will yet be made deeply impressive of all the grand lessons those days are designed to inculcate.

For the School Committee,
GEORGE A. LITTLEFIELD,
Superintendent of Schools.

Messrs. Steinert & Co., desirous of showing their regard for Mr. B. W. Pearce, generously loaned him the fine Weber piano used at his birthday entertainment Thursday evening.

At a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen Wednesday evening the following were drawn jurors for the May term of the Court of Common Pleas:

Grand—Robert Cooper, Edward Buffum, Pascal H. Stedman, Henry D. Scott, William S. Greene.

Petit—Enoch G. Young, Albert C. Landers, George W. Swinburne, Robert J. Sweeney, Thomas E. Sherman.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
E. H. VAN HOSEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Ills are wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1889. STANDARD TIME.

Day	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
27 Sat	5 3	6 52	1 15	6 17	6 25
28 Sun	5 2	6 53	4 8	6 58	6 59
29 Mon	5 1	6 54	3 8	7 10	7 33
30 Tues	4 59	6 5	sets	8 19	5 05
1 Wed	4 58	6 56	8 31	8 38	8 59
2 Thurs	4 57	6 57	9 20	9 40	9 16
3 Fri	4 56	6 58	10 24	10 5	9 57

First Quarter, 8th day, 8h. 17m., morning.
Full Moon, 22d day, 5h. 19m., evening.
Last Quarter, 22d day, 8h. 56m., morning.
New Moon 29th day, 9h. 5m., evening.

A. O'D. Taylor,
REAL ESTATE.
124 BELLEVUE AVE.

Furnished Cottages—Moderate-priced cottages for the summer season, specially attended to, for $500 to $900. Larger from $1600 to $2500, superior up to $4000.

Farms—In Middletown and Portsmouth. Several admirable ones for sale.

Tenements—When first class posses some advantages over houses designed for but one family; can give one on Spring street, very large and commodious, near Bull street, $500; on Brooks avenue, off Broadway, $350; on Rhode Island avenue, $350; on Everett street, $265; on Lincoln street, $250; on John street, $250.

Cottage—With modern improvements, near Thames and Farewell streets $300.

Marriages.

In this city, 25th inst., by Rev. F. F. Emerson, Thomas Cavanagh and Jane Grant Fraser, both of Newport.

In this city, 24th inst., by Rev. M. Van Horne, Mr. Wm. Henry Holland and Miss Alice Calendar, both of this city.

On Wednesday, April 24th, by Rev. G. J. Magill, at the residence of the bride's parents, John Fremont Titus and Catharine Ehrhardt, all of Newport.

On Thursday, April 25th, at St. Matthews Church, Jamestown, by Rev. G. J. Magill, Samuel Engs Carr of Newport and Sallie P. Champlin [illegible]stown.

Deaths.

In this city, 23d inst., Mrs. Mary Gyles, aged 78 years.

In this city, 24th inst., Thomas, infant child of Dennis and Hannah Mahan, age 15 months.

In this city, 23d inst., Elizabeth, widow of the late William Cook, of Pawtucket, aged 68 years.

In this city, 22th inst., William Henry, son of William Henry and Anna Henderson Spottswood, aged 10 months and 2 days.

In Providence, 21st inst., Susan K., widow of Albert Bowen, 70; 28th, Mary Westcott, daughter of the late Smith and Mary E. Owen, 41; 20th, Amos L. Cahoon, 60; 19th, Joseph Weaver, son of Philip S. and Annie L. Chase, 18; 22d, Maria L. H., widow of Isaac H. Cady.

In West Greenwich, 22d inst., James Andrews, in his 63th year.

In Pawtucket, 23d inst., Laura A., widow of Lyman Tourtellotte in her 72th year.

In Pawtucket, 22d inst., Isaac C. Randall, in

SCHREIER'S
Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,
143 THAMES STREET.

Leading Millinery House.
Lowest Prices.
Immense Assortment,
Great Attractions,
Avoid the rush, place your orders early so as to have your hats for Easter.

STOCKBRIDGE Manures.

Specialties for all kinds of crops, top dressing for meadows and lawns. Don't fail to try our SPECIAL for potatoes and corn if you want a good article. Give in your order early.

—Fine Ground Bone—
—AND:—
Muriate of Potash
FOR FIELD PURPOSES.

GRASS SEEDS.

My grass seeds are bought at the very lowest cash price for first quality seeds. I am now prepared to offer Herds, Clean Red Top, Red Top in Chaff, and N. Y. State Clover, as low as the lowest.

A. A. BARKER,
162 & 164 BROADWAY.

SUSQUEHANNA
COAL.
Also Lykens Valley, Plymouth, Jermyn, &c.
Best Qualities. Lowest Market Prices.
Pinniger & Manchester
PERRY MILL WHARF, 341 THAMES STREET.

OUR SUCCESS
last season in medium and low-priced
CHAMBER SUITS
has led us to purchase more largely in this line than ever before. We have an
8-PIECE SOLID ASH SUIT FOR $20.
E. P. MARSH, 101 and 103 THAMES ST.
Look for the Red Flag.

WALTER B. HARRINGTON
RESTAURANT
NO. 123 Broad Street,
Opp. Narragansett Hotel,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
3-31-tf

"LEHIGH" Furnace Coal.
"WILKESBARRE" Furnace Coal.
PLYMOUTH RED ASH COAL.
FREE BURNING WHITE ASH COAL,
in all sizes. The best in the world for family use.
PERRY BROTHERS,
187 THAMES STREET.

C O A L
GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co.
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Dealers in the best varieties of
FAMILY AND STEAM COAL
always on hand.
OAK, HICKORY, PINE AND SOUTHERN PINE WOOD
carefully prepared and delivered.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Established 1810.
—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—
Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, and Soreness in Body or Limbs.
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.
It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps, Colic, Lameness of Muscles or Stiff Joints and Strains.
ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States, or Canada. Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Senator Quay and the President—Ohio Appointments—Charges Against a South Carolina Congressman—The President a Systematic Business Man—The Question of Term of Service—Later Appointments, Etc.

(Correspondence of the Mercury.)

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1889.

Senator Quay has said farewell to the President and gone to his Pennsylvania home, determined to take a good long rest. He and the President are on the best of terms, a few long-tongued gossips to the contrary notwithstanding. And what is more, they are likely to continue so. They thoroughly understand each other, and there is not the slightest danger that the President will refuse any favor asked for by the Senator, because the Senator will ask nothing that would not benefit the administration.

It is thought that the Ohio Republicans have lost one or two very good appointments owing to the lack of harmony in the Congressional delegation, the President preferring to select a man from some other State rather than to decide between two Ohio men, each backed by a part of the Congressional delegation.

Charges have been filed with the President against ex-Congressman Smalls, of South Carolina, who is a candidate for a prominent Federal position in his State. One of the charges against him is that he secretly worked and voted for the Democratic Presidential and Congressional ticket last November.

A committee from the New York Centennial Celebration has been here making arrangements for the trip of the President and his Cabinet. They will leave here at a very early hour next Monday morning, arriving at Elizabeth, N. J., at about 8 o'clock, where they will take breakfast with the Governor of New Jersey, after which the party will proceed to Elizabethport, where boats will await them, and from there to the wharf in New York city, from which Washington stepped just one hundred years ago that day, where they will be met by all New York, and take their parts in the great celebration.—Secretary Blaine has agreed to respond to the toast, "The House of Representatives," at the banquet to be given in New York city on the evening of the 30th inst., to the distinguished guests of the New York Centennial committee. It is a subject upon which Mr. Blaine is peculiarly fitted to speak owing to his long connection with the House, as member and Speaker.

The President is a believer in the benefits to be derived from doing business in a thoroughly systematic manner.—For instance, he assigned one day of each week for the consideration of business pertaining to one of the executive departments of the government, and unless the business is unusually important it will not be considered on any other day than that assigned to the department under which it properly comes. This rule will work advantageously all around; it will enable the Cabinet officer to so arrange the work of his department that on the day assigned to it he can have all matters requiring the attention of the President ready for presentation to him, and it will enable the President to rapidly dispose of the business thus brought before him.

The Department of Agriculture and the Department of Justice having very little business requiring the attention of the President, have no particular time assigned them. The days of the week are assigned as follows: Monday, Navy Department; Tuesday, Post Office Department; Wednesday, Treasury Department; Thursday, Interior Department; Friday, State Department; Saturday, War Department.

This rule will also give the President some relief from the office-seekers. For instance, if a man is seeking an appointment under the Post Office Department he will know that Tuesday is the only day upon which the President considers business relating to that department, and will not, as he has been doing, make daily visits to the White House. In fact it is a good rule anyway, and one wonders why it, or a similar one, has not been adopted long ago.

Attorney General Miller has been called upon to decide the much discussed question as to whether the four years commission of Federal officers shall be dated from the appointment or from the time of confirmation by the Senate. The date of confirmation has generally been taken, but many people believe that the time of the original appointment is the proper date. It will make quite a difference to a large number of Democratic officials, as there is in many cases a difference of a year between the date of appointment and that of confirmation.

Ex-Congressman F. W. Palmer, formerly of Iowa, but now of Chicago, has jumped into sudden prominence as a candidate for public printer, and many people think his chances for getting the appointment are excellent.

The President has appointed Henry M. Dixon, of Mississippi, a cadet-at-large to West Point. The father of this young man was killed by a mob at his home in Yazoo City, Mississippi, in 1879, for the heinous crime of having opposed the Democratic ticket.

The beginning of the taking of the new census has inaugurated by the opening of the census bureau in this city, which is in charge of Mr. Robert Porter, the newly appointed superintendent. J. B.

"Now, Gen'ral, you're posted; come! give us your views.
In a brush at the front, what's the powder to use?"
He winked at a star as he puffed his cigar,
And slowly replied, "*In a brush at the front*
I never use powder, but—SOZODONT."

Go Where You Will
you'll find SOZODONT in vogue. People have thrown away their tooth-powders and washes, and placed their odoriferous preservative of the teeth on the toilet table in their place. It keeps the teeth in splendid order, and spices the breath.

"SPALDING'S Glue," always up to the sticking point.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pains in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made especially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Let us be like trees that yield their fruit to those who throw stones at them.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

New Advertisements.

Just Received!

The largest and finest stock of

Mouldings

For my spring and summer trade ever shown in this city. All orders promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Prices the lowest in the city.

W. H. ARNOLD.
12 Broadway.

USE THE

ACME

Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

For sale only by

D. L. CUMMINGS,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

And dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, etc.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

AT

146 THAMES ST.

TAKE ALL THE

BABIES

—TO—

Holloway

The ladies' photographer of Newport, and get a likeness that will almost talk. Remember it is an important duty to have a picture while they are strong and healthy.

Cor. Thames & Marlboro' Sts.

MARTIN E. BENNETT,

NEXT CASWELL, MASSEY & Co.

THIS WEEK.

SPRING O'COATS
$7, $9, $10, $13, $15 to $20.
SPRING SUITS,
$9, $10, $12, $13, $15 to $30.
SPRING Style HATS,
$1, $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50.

Bennett's One Price.

BICYCLE EOR SALE.

52-inch American Rudge, ball bearings all round, in first class order, nearly new. By

J. B. BACHELLER,
Commercial Wharf.

NORTHERN

NOT LOCAL GROWN

Vegetable Seeds!

All planters know that seeds from a cold climate will do better than those of a native climate and soil. So buy where you can get them. The only

SEED HOUSE

In the city.

A STOCK

Which could not be more comblete in a city three times the size of Newport.

The Houlton Rose Potatoes

show the value of cold climate culture.

HORSE HOES.

Hand Hoes,

Seed Planters,

FERTILIZERS,

HARDWARE,

—AND—

PAINTS.

Geo. A. Weaver,

10 & 22 Broadway.

New Advertisements.

TEBBETTS'

CLOAK STORE,

99 Westminster Street,

Butler Exchange,

Providence, R. I.

The Largest Assortment

IN THE CITY.

Children's Gretchen Cloaks, sizes 4 to 12 years, all cut down in prices. This includes all our fine, high-priced garments, and we have marked them as follows:

4 yrs.	6 yrs.	8 yrs.	10 yrs.	12 yrs.
$5	$5 50	$6	$6.50	$7

$5.00. At this price we give you the choice of a great variety of Black Whipcord, Diagonal, Molton and Stockinet in Ladies' and Misses' Jackets.

FINE JACKETS in Directoire and Vest Fronts in many beautiful styles. A bargain at $10.

LADIES' WRAPS in great variety of Silk, Cloth and Jet, from $5 to $50. Many styles for elderly people.

Sign of the Great White Bear.

The wolf went around to the back door and knocked, and the little girl called out, what do you want? The wolf's answer was, it rains, it hails, it snows, it blows enough to cut off your little toes, and little girl if you'll let me come in and light my pipe, I will go right out again. No says the little girl: Mother said don't open the door for anyone until I return, and I won't. Well said the wolf determined to do one good action. Tell your mother to go to DENHAM'S new store and purchase a pair of those DIAMOND SPECTACLES just received, and they will save her eyes wonderfully; they are clear as crystal. Moral, go then and do likewise.

NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. New illustrated edition by his private secretary, M. de Bourrienne.
The Little Pilgrim, further experiences.
For sale by
GEORGE H. CARR,
172 Thames Street.

IMPORTANT!

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Farm and Family

Sheep for Solid Basis.

Day by day it is manifest that a flock of sheep is of very great value to a farm and its occupant. A late instance is that of a man who owns one hundred and twenty acres, originally of medium fertility or under. A few years ago he changed from green raising to the sheep business, keeping between one hundred and two hundred. His soil gradually improved until it has reached a very high point. Last season he raised over fifty tons of excellent clover hay, about three hundred bushels of oats and barley, twelve hundred bushels of ears of corn, and two thousand bushels turnips and beets. His orchard increased largely in productiveness and quality of fruit, and he gathered several hundred barrels of apples. He grows hot house lambs, and from the wool and lambs of one hundred ewes he realizes one thousand dollars, besides the increase of a considerable flock of keeping sheep. Last season he added pig raising, having as many as eighty-five on hand at a time, which he sold to his neighbors or fattened. He grows only wheat enough for his own use, keeps three horses, and of bovine kind only two cows.

He raises flat turnips on clover sod, and some of them are nearly as large round as a dinner plate. Turnip seed is sown with a grain-drill, three-fourths of a pound of seed being mixed with one hundred pounds of commercial fertilizer, and the drill set to sow one hundred pounds to the acre. Sheep are at the bottom of these excellent results, and he has two neighbors farming on about the same line and with gratifying success. His sheepfold is in the basement of a barn, where there is a pump, root-cutter and every desired convenience for supplying the sheep with water, roots, hay and grain. The root-cellar opens into the sheepfold, without a partition, and the warmth of the sheep keeps the roots from freezing.—Vegetables designed for family use are also stored here, thus obviating all malodors from decaying vegetables in the dwelling house cellar. The surface of the farm is very undulating, but the knolls produce as great crops as the valleys and depressions.—[Galen Wilson in New York Tribune.

Pigs That are Overfed.

Swine are proverbially greedy, but it is the duty of the owner of an animal to control its natural habits when these are opposed to its well doing; so that the first thing to be done in feeding young pigs is to measure their feed judiciously. They should never have all they will eat. Only fattening swine should be so fed, and they would soon die from over-feeding if they were not killed. When a young pig chokes at the trough, squeals and falls over in a fit, it is over-fed; when it goes to the side of the stall, champs its jaws, foams at the mouth, and does nothing else than this, it has been over-fed, and in both cases it is suffering from congestion of the brain, due to indigestion and disturbed circulation. It is in a state of apoplexy and will probably die, anyhow, but the others may be saved by at once reducing their feed to about one-fourth of what they have been getting. The prevalent paralysis of the hind limbs is caused by over-feeding by which the kidneys have been overtaxed and the nervous system of the lumbar region (the loins) is disturbed. Thus the power of motion of the hind legs is lost. Recent experiments in feeding young pigs go to show that a pig of forty pounds needs no more food per day than two quarts of milk and four ounces of solid food, such as bran or oats and corn meal. On this allowance, gradually increased, pigs make a steady and healthful growth, while two kept in a pen by themselves, and suffered to gorge themselves, became stunted, stopped growing and in the third week one was attacked by congestion of the brain and had to be starved out of it, losing fully two months' growth. When young pigs are weaned, they should be fed in a shallow trough, from which they can take their food only slowly. A pint of milk and two ounces of boiled corn meal mixed with the milk will be enough for a daily ration the first week, and a gradual increase may be made, substituting raw meal, not exceeding the limit above mentioned for a six weeks' or eight weeks' old pig of the best kind, and less in a ratio with a less weight. Over-feeding is the common bane of the pig.—[American Agriculturist.

Farm Machinery.

Even a small farm must have more or less machinery, while on a large one the investment must be heavy. Under any conditions more machinery will be destroyed by rust than by wear. A little care will prevent this. Melt together over a gentle fire a pound of lard free from salt and a lump of rosin about the size of a hickory nut. When the whole is melted remove it from the stove, and stir it slowly until cold.—Keep this covered from dust. Whenever any machine, from an apple parer to a threshing machine, is out of use, clean it by scraping with a wooden knife whittled from any hard wood, use an old woolen rag and rub every part liable to rust with this compound, give all such parts a thin coating. This may be used for astronomical and other delicate instruments. If used on every farm it would save the country millions of dollars.—[American Agriculturist.

Plowing Wet Ground.

Nothing is gained by beginning plowing too early in the spring. Important as early seeding may be, and hurrying as farm work may prove after it fairly begins, it is better to wait until the ground will turn up pliable rather than sticky. Underdraining is a great advantage to the farmer in enabling him to plow early. The soil is made porous by the sinking away of superfluous moisture, so that where the drainage is thorough the plow may be started almost as soon as frost is out of the ground. Once plowed with the soil not sticky it is to the depth of the furrow much more thoroughly exposed to air than before. But if the soil is wet stirring only puddles it and makes it harden into clods during the summer. Clayed land is often injured for years by being plowed when too wet. Fall plowing with the surface left rough is the best corrective to such land after it has been drained. Without drainage the wet mass runs together and the sun hardens it as bad or worse than before. If the land is in sod it will bear plowing when somewhat wetter than if it were naked. The sod under the furrow will not press down closely, and this leaves chances for the warmer air from above to enter and dry it. Early plowed sod ground brings much better corn or potatoes than that plowed just before planting, provided the land was not too wet at the earlier plowing. The mistake of too early plowing is more apt to be made in hurrying to get spring grain sown. Better wait a few days later, put on more teams, or merely cultivate the surface and then sow or drill in the seed.—[American Cultivator.

Household Hints.

A teaspoonful of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.—This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

Do not throw away as useless the juice left in the can when you send the cherries from it to the table; it makes an excellent flavoring for pudding sauce. If you do not care to use it immediately, it is best to scald it and put it in a small can and seal it. Use it in the sauce as freely as if it were wine.

For the sake of variety try this for breakfast: Buy some nice pork chops, with little fat about them; fry them a delicate brown, and pour hot tomato sauce over them. Make a gravy, using a little of the fat fried out of the pork; send to the table with baked potatoes, warm corn bread, and coffee.

A light and toothsome cream cake is made of four cups of sifted flour, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one cup of English currants, and a small teaspoonful of soda. This makes a large loaf and requires an hour and a half to bake. It is a good plan to line the entire tin with paper, so that the cake can be lifted out without breaking.

A little magnesia and water sometimes correct the acidity of a child's stomach, and render unnecessary any stronger medicine. Powder a teaspoonful of the magnesia, and put it in half a glass of water; it will not dissolve, of course, but will mix with the water so that an infant can swallow it. Give a teaspoonful of this three times a day until indications warrant you in discontinuing it.

When baking a fish that is not oily it is an addition to the goodness of the dinner to bake potatoes in the pan with it. Peel the potatoes and cut them in thick slices, and serve them on the platter with the fish. The gravy that accompanies the fish should in this case be sent to the table in the gravy-boat, and not be poured over the fish. The potatoes, if perfectly cooked, will be brown and crisp and excellent.

Emerson called the perfect plumb the "fruit of paradise," and if one must eat pie at all, let it be a plum pie. Remove the pits, and unless the juice is thick with sugar make it so, adding a very little flour, well mixed in so that not one lump is left. The crust for a plumb pie should be delicate without being rich; this can be accomplished by working the shortening into the flour deliberately with the hands. Bake with two crusts.

Now when the country housewife looks with dismay at the empty jars of pickles, and fears that there will be none left for spring use, she can occasionally substitute pickles made in this way for those put up in summer. Take some small turnips, boil them until they are tender, then cut in slices a little more than an inch thick, pour cold vinegar over them, and let them stand for a day and night. A few pepper-corns or kernels of allspice improve the flavor.

Nice little tea-cakes to be baked in muffin rings, are made of one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup and a half of milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. In this batter stir a pint bowl full of fruit—currants are nice; fresh berries in their season, and even canned ones, with the juice drained off. Serve while warm, and they are a dainty addition to the tea-table.

Recipes for the Table.

HASTY PUDDING.—Beat half a cup of butter and the same of sugar to a cream, add the yolks of three eggs, two cups of cooked rice and the beaten whites of the eggs; serve with sauce.

BROWN HASHED POTATOES.—Pare a dozen potatoes and chop fine. Season with salt and pepper and place in small earthen dishes; cover with milk and add small bits of butter to each; bake in a moderate oven one-half hour.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Half a pound each of fine sugar and grated sweet almonds, a quarter-pound of grated vanilla chocolate, three beaten whites of eggs; mix well and drop from a spoon on a buttered tin; bake in a slow oven.

CRANBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Sift together one quart of flour and 2½ tea spoons of baking powder; mix to a soft dough with sweet milk; roll out and spread with one quart of cranberry sauce, fold over, place in a pudding-bag and steam one hour. Serve with a sweet sauce.

HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups cold boiled hominy, beaten smooth, one quart of milk and one teaspoonful of salt; stir together, then add one cup of flour, into which has been well mixed a teaspoonful of baking powder; lastly, add three eggs that have been well beaten. Cook immediately after mixing.

COFFEE CAKE.—Two quarts of flour mixed with three teaspoonfuls of yeast powder add one-half cup each of butter and lard, one-half cup of sugar, three eggs, a little salt and sufficient milk to mix well; roll out, put in a wide baking pan and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, or cover with sliced apples or dot with currants.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of sugar and half a cup of butter stirred to a cream; one cup of sweet milk, three eggs well beaten, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. For the frosting take the whites of two eggs; save out enough to frost the top; add to the rest the juice and grated rind of an orange and spread between the layers.

GINGER NUTS.—One cup of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of boiling water in which a heaping teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, the bulk of an egg in beef drippings or butter, a tablespoonful of ginger and nutmeg, yolks of two eggs, and flour to make a stiff batter, which may be dropped with a spoon on to a tin.

FRUIT JELLY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, stir together, then divide into three equal parts. Into one part stir one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake and put jelly or frosting between.

VIENNA BRIDGE CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of grated sweet almonds, one pound of powdered sugar, one pound of sifted flour, twelve eggs and the grated rind of a lemon; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add last; stir the mixture without the whites half an hour, add the whites and bake in four layers. Put the following cream between them: Four yolks of eggs, a quarter pound of butter, the juice of four lemons and the grated rind of one, a quarter-pound of sugar. Boil slowly until thick; when cool put it between the cakes, frost the top and decorate with jellies, small fruits and citron.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups each of sugar and flour, one cup of corn starch, four eggs, one teaspoon of soda, three of cream tartar and one cup of milk. Beat the yolks of the eggs thoroughly and add to the butter and sugar, which have been stirred to a cream; add the milk. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add them after the flour, soda and cream of tartar have been stirred in. Take out a cupful of batter and stir into it a tablespoonful of grated chocolate. Fill the baking pan an inch deep with the light batter; add a layer of dark, then light, and so on, reserving the light for the top. Spread icing on the top when cool.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Use one pound of grated cocoanut, half a pound of granulated sugar, one pint of cream or the milk of the cocoanut, one pint of rich milk, the whites of eight eggs, a little of the grated peel of a lemon. Heat the cream yellow and milk to the boiling point, and beat the whites of the eggs with the sugar, and stir them into the hot cream and milk, beating till there is no danger of their curdling. Add a little salt, and last of all the cocoanut. Fill china custard cups with the pudding mixture, and set the little puddings in a tin pan of boiling water and place them in the oven. Cover them with crown paper lest they brown. In about three-quarters of an hour they will be firm in the centre and done.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.—Make the cake of biscuit dough with a tablespoonful of sugar added to it; or take one-half cup of lard, one-half cup of butter, and put them into a quart of flour. Wet it with one egg beaten into a cup of sweet milk or water. Beat together, add a little sugar, and roll out as soft as possible. Divide the dough into four pieces, roll out thin and bake in jelly-cake tins. When done spread each cake with good butter, and on this place a thick layer of stewed and sweetened apples. The tartest apples are best. Pile the layers one above the other, and scatter sugar over the upper crust. Place in a hot oven for seven or eight minutes, and serve hot, with cream beaten to a stiff froth.

Household Fancy Work.

CROCHET INSERTION.

Make a chain of 25 stitches; turn.

1st row—Three trebles, 1 chain, 3 trebles in 5th stitch from needle (which makes a shell), 5 chain, 1 double in 10th stitch, 5 chain, 1 double in 15th stitch, 5 chain, shell in 20th stitch, 3 chain, 1 double in last stitch, turn.

2d row—Nine chain, 1 double in 1st stitch of shell, 5 chain, 1 long treble (made by putting thread over twice and working off 2 stitches at a time) in centre loop of 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 double in first stitch of next shell, shell in shell, 3 chain, 1 double in 3d stitch of chain, turn.

3d row—Nine chain, 1 double in 1st stitch of shell, shell in shell, 5 chain, 1 double in loop of 5 chain before the long treble, 5 chain, 1 double in loop of 5 chain after the long treble, 5 chain, shell in shell, 3 chain, 1 double in 3d stitch, turn.

Begin at 2d row to repeat.

ORIGINAL LACE.

Cast on 24 stitches and knit across plain.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 5, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 5.

2d row—Knit 6, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 6, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2.

3d row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

4th row—Knit plain to last 8 stitches, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2.

5th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 4, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 4.

6th row—Knit 5, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 4, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2.

7th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

8th row—Knit plain to last 8 stitches, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2.

9th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, narrow, knit 4.

10th row—Knit 5, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, knit 1st loop, seam 2d, knit 3, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2.

11th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit rest plain.

12th row—Bind off 9, knit rest plain to last 8, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2.

This pattern is pretty done in linen or cotton, and the finer the linen and needles, the prettier it will be. Work in No. 16 knitting cotton it makes a pretty and appropriate finish for a knitted counterpane. Done in No. 60 crochet cotton it makes a nice suitable edge for the trimming of summer curtains. It may be used for trimming various things, making it coarse or fine according to the article for which it is designed. Anyone once trying this pattern cannot help being pleased with it, and it is so simple that any beginner may work it with very little practice.

Always begin at 1st row to repeat.

PRETTY LAMP SHADE.

Take fifteen strips of orange satin ribbon 7 inches long and 2¼ inches wide. Turn under, at one end of each piece, the corners at each side, so as to form a point. Place these strips side by side, and sew them neatly together with sewing silk, using the over and over stitch. Turn under the straight end, and gather it a short way from the top, so it will fit neatly over the globe or shade for which it is intended. Sew on each of the lower points tiny silk tassels of orange, and place a fully-gathered edge of lace, about three inches deep for a finish. If liked better, the top may have a silk cord for a running string, the ends finished with small tassels, so that the shade may be removed when liked. This is for a hanging lamp, but may be made any size desired by increasing or diminishing the number of strips.

A Sad Story of Political Persecution.

Henry M. Dixon of Mississippi, 18 years old, has been appointed a cadet at large at West Point through the personal application of his grandmother, Mrs. Annie E. Dixon, who tells a sad story. She is the widow of Major Henry T. Dixon, the only man in Fauquier county, Va., who voted for Lincoln for President in 1860. He had to send to Washington for the ballot, which he deposited in the box with his left hand, a cocked revolver being in his right. He had been warned that 40 men had sworn to kill him if he voted for Lincoln.

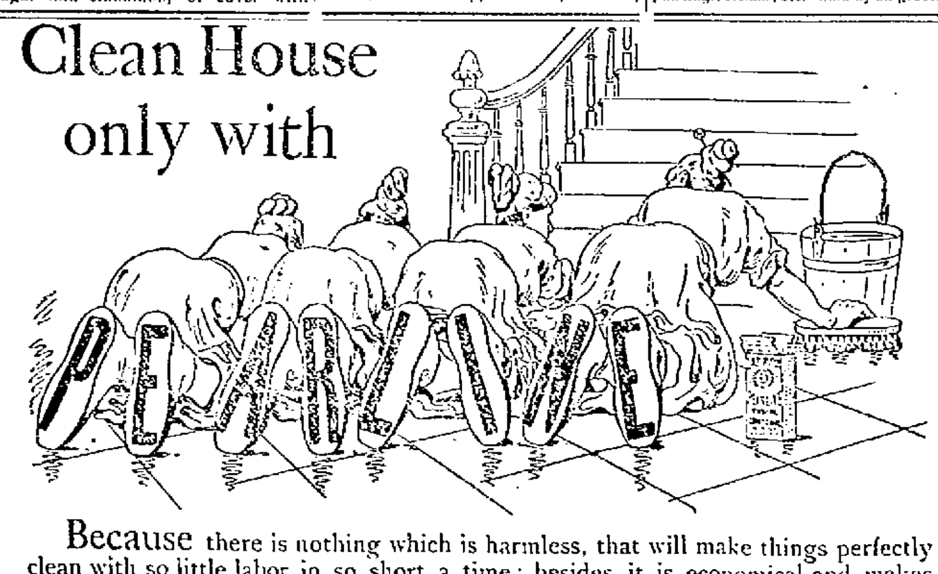
Some time afterwards he went to Alexandria, Va., on business, to be gone two days. After he had gone a friend informed Mrs. Dixon that her husband would be shot on the depot platform as he alighted from the cars if he returned. She telegraphed her husband not to return home, and he did not see his home again for four years. He served through the war, was one of the defenders of the Capital, and was afterward commissioned as Paymaster.

During the war Mrs. Dixon suffered much persecution and was several times taken prisoner. Their property was all destroyed, and six weeks after the war closed Major Dixon was assassinated by an ex-Confederate officer, being shot in the back. His family was left in destitute circumstances, and at the request of General Grant, who was acquainted with the circumstances Postmaster Gen. Randall gave the widow employment in his department. After about 10 years of service she left it, and is now old and feeble, penniless and without a home.

Her son, Henry M. Dixon, went south after the war, a mere boy, and married in Mississippi, his wife being a native of that State. He opposed the Democratic ticket at his home in Yazoo City, and 1879, he was warned by a mob to leave the town. This he refused to do, and in August 1879, he was shot down from behind. His wife did not long survive him, and six small children were thus bereft of their parents care and love. It was for the eldest of these, named for his father, that Mrs. Dixon asked the appointment.

Use HUYLER'S COCOA for Breakfast and Supper, pure and healthful, and their FAMILY CHOCOLATE for drinking and cooking, cakes, puddings, creams, etc. Sold by all grocers.

Clean House
only with



Because there is nothing which is harmless, that will make things perfectly clean with so little labor in so short a time; besides, it is economical and makes the work easy.

Do you suppose—that anything could attain such popularity as PEARLINE enjoys, and hold it, without wonderful merit—that people would use it year after year were it harmful to fabric or hands—that the hundreds of imitations are attracted by anything but its wonderful success?

You'll do well to use Pearline—see that your servants use it, and insist that they do not use the imitations which they are often induced to try because of the worthless prize accompanying it, or by the glib and false argument of some peddler. Remember PEARLINE is never peddled. 135 JAMES PYLE, New York.

His Vocation Easily Chosen.

"I confess I am sometimes sorely perplexed," said the father, with a heavy sigh, "when I think of the future of my boys. It is a great responsibility to have the choosing of a calling in life for them." Through the open window came the voices of the two lads at play. "Look here," loudly exclaimed Johnny, "that isn't fair! You've divided those marbles so as to get all the best ones in your own bag." "Didn't I have the trouble of dividing them?" reiterated Willie, hotly. "Think I'm going to spend my time at such jobs for nothing?" "So far as Willie is concerned," resumed the father after a pause, "the task of choosing a vocation is not so difficult. I shall make a lawyer of him."—[Chicago Tribune.

The Homeliest Man in Newport

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

Fortune ne'er helps the man whose courage fails.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. One pill a dose. Try them.

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is now admitted by the medical authorities to be a deficiency or undue waste of Oxydizable Phosphorus normally existing in the human economy. The remedy consists in the administration of a preparation of Phosphorus, being at once assimilated and oxydizable. WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES is the only preparation of Phosphorus which combines these characteristics in the highest degree for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs Night Sweats and Nervous Diseases; it is unequaled. Recommended by Physicians. Sold by Druggists $1 per bottle. Send for Circular. Winchester & Co., Chemists, 162 William Street, N. Y. 6 12-ly

COSTING LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.

SOLD BY LEADING GROCERS.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

Dr. Lewis is always successful.

THE GLORY OF A MAN IS IN HIS STRENGTH.

Nerve or Physical Force when Lost Quickly Regained by Consulting

Dr. C. J. Lewis,

Who after intense study and deep research has lately discovered a new, extraordinary, quick, certain and inexpensive cure for diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness, Fluid Escapes, Impotency, and Deranged Functions of the Nervous and Generative Systems. THIS NEW AND MARVELLOUS MEDICAL TREATMENT has cured the most desperate forms of Nervous disorders in both young and old. To debilitated youth it bestows the vigor of manhood, and in advanced age it establishes the vigor of youth without the possibility of failure. URINARY COMPLAINTS, Acute or Chronic Discharges, Stricture, Retention of Urine, Gravel, Kidney or Bladder Disorders, Syphilis, Secondary Symptoms, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, are all absolutely cured without the use of mercury copiva or injections. No restriction in diet or hindrance from business. RECENT CASES CURED IN THREE OR FOUR DAYS. Patients whose cases have been neglected, badly treated, or pronounced incurable, are particularly invited to visit Dr. Lewis. A written guarantee of cure given in all cases arranged for. In practice 30 years.

☞ Dr. Lewis is frequently consulted by many who have been completely discouraged after being cured after having experimented with various advertised nostrums, Electric Belts, etc., which invariably do more harm than good. Every phase of disease demands different and special treatment. To these who may have been disappointed, Dr. Lewis would say consult him and he will restore the disappointed one to all the duties of life, whether they be physical or mental, pertaining to married life or "single blessedness."

CONSULTATIONS, MEDICINES, &c., $5.

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Notice to Country Patients.

DR. LEWIS will, on full description of case, with fee enclosed, immediately send a supply of his valuable medicines, accompanied with instructions and advice, for the cure of the above distressing complaints.

"Country Patients corresponded with until cured."

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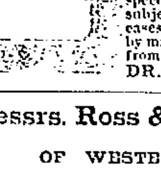

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Orders may be left at the

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1 at Druggists.

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Plumber, Brass Founder and Coppersmith.

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Has constantly on hand a variety of Force and Lift Pumps, which he warrants. Also, Water Closets, Wash Bowls, Faucets, and every description of Plumbing Materials, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere. Lead Pipe and Sheet Lead on hand, also all kinds of Brass and Composition Castings made to order. Ship Castings of all kinds on hand and made to order at short notice.

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Hot House Grapes

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California Peaches, Apricots and Plums constantly on hand.

IN OUR FISH MARKET,

adjoining the fruit store you will find a full assortment of all the fresh and salt fish in the market, also soft shell crabs, lobsters, etc. All orders promptly delivered.

W.F. Williamson,

296 & 298 Thames St.

Prepared Coke.

An excellent Summer fuel,
Kindles quickly and
Makes an intense fire,
Especially good for open grates.
Cleanly, convenient and economical.
Delivered anywhere within the compact part of the city.

Leave orders at either office

181 THAMES ST.

—OR—

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THIS IS THE SEASON

When you can secure especial bargains in the common or unprepared coke when taken in quantities of one hundred bushels or upwards at the Works. For terms, apply at either office.

THE NEWPORT

Gas Light Co

QUICK SALES and SMALL PROFITS.

Primroses, fine red, 15c. White and pink, 15c. Hyacinths, blue, 10c. Oxalis, yellow, 10c. Stocks, fine, 10c. Geraniums, 10c. Vincas, fine, 10c. Orders received for Violets, etc.

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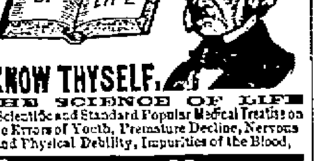
ASTHMA CURED!

A SINGLE TRIAL convinces the most skeptical

GERMAN ASTHMA CURE Instantly relieves the most violent attack; insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all other remedies fail. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain, and a cure is effected in all CURABLE CASES.

German Asthma Cure is sold by all druggists at 50c. and $1, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Trial package free to any address for stamp. R. SCHIFFMAN, M. D., St. Paul, Minn.

THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH. VITALITY!



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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood,

EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND THE UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid unskilful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price, only $1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

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Speculative Syndicate,

now being formed. Shares for sale at $10 each. The plan is, each customer's money is combined into one trade. Profits on the transaction are divided equally with each member whose money is in the Syndicate. Everybody now has the opportunity to speculate in a plan acknowledged to be the best, safest and most profitable one now known. No liabilities to share-holders beyond amount invested. Send your order and try it. Shares for sale by

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wishing a security containing no element of speculation and not subject to changes in value are invited to examine the guaranteed six per cent. mortgages and Debenture Bonds of the

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Capital, $750,000
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Record of our 18 YEARS' business.

16,854 Mortgages negotiated, aggregating		$11,768,818
3,943	" in force,	6,358,162
1,912	" paid,	5,410,655
Interest paid aggregating		3,345,495
Total paid to investors		8,756,151

We have 3,014 patrons, to whom we can refer. We do not claim to do the largest, but the SAFEST business.

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—FOR—

Interior Decoration,

both on account of the beauty of design and coloring and the durability of dye. They are particularly adapted for resisting the ordinary effects of dampness and salt air.

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Of Importance to Newport.

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A POPULAR

Picture Frame Manufacturer and Fine Art Dealer, of Providence,

Has opened a branch store at

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Second door from Pelham Street, near the Library, for the sale of choice

Etchings, Steel Engravings,

Photographs, Photogravures, Paintings, Pastels, Water Colors, Oleographs, Lithographs, etc., etc., and an immense assortment of Picture Mouldings, high and low prices.

NOVELTIES.

Wallpockets, paper racks, towel racks, toilet cabinets or medicine cases, plush photograph frames, mats and cardboard of all kinds.

STUDIES OF ALL KINDS.

Estimates given for beveled French mirrors. Estimates given for plain French and German mirrors.

Old gilt frames and other gilt furniture regilded and repaired. Old paintings repaired, retouched and varnished. Stains removed from engravings. Pictures, frames made to order. And last, but not least, prices below all competitors for quality of work and style of goods, at 266 Thames street. 7-7

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12 1-2 CTS. PER ROLL.

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Furniture of all Descriptions, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Mattings.

M. COTTRELL,

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Do You Want

a SOFA, LOUNGE, EASY CHAIR or any Upholstered Furniture?

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and have it made at your own price, upon a guarantee of being perfectly satisfactory.

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10-3

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INDIA SILKS at 85c.
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GIMPS and CORDS in all shades.
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TABLES from $1 50 to $85.

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Upholstered, Repaired and Made to Order.

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Made to Order and Made Over at Short Notice.

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that are the best in the market at a very low price. All goods will be sold at a reduced price for the next 60 days to make room for my fall goods. Call and examine and you will be sure to buy.

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CARPETS,
OILCLOTHS,
Wall Papers,
WINDOW SHADES,
CURTAIN POLES,
DRAPERY MATERIALS,
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FURNITURE COVERINGS

Also a large line of

ENGLISH WOODSTOCK CARPETS

—AND—

RUGS and MATS.

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HAZARD & HORTON'S,
42 CHURCH ST.,

you can find a fine line of

FURNITURE,

of all kinds, also furniture covering in the latest patterns. We also have a few nice pieces of old furniture and some rare pieces of old crockery. Furniture repaired, refinished, and re-upholstered, mattresses made and made over, and furniture, crockery, etc. packed and shipped.

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H. M. WILSON. 3-23-2m

Clothing.

WM. H. ASHLEY & Co.,

The popular and reliable Clothiers, again present for inspection a stock of

MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS'

—AND—

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

—IN THE—

LATEST STYLES

—AND AT—

LOWEST PRICES.

20 South Main St., Borden's Block

Fall River, Mass.

Holiday Goods.

Just received. A large stock of

Neck Wear

—IN—

Teck's Four-in-hand and Puff Scarfs

Silk and Cashmere Mufflers.

FUR CAPS AND GLOVES.

Also a large assortment of

SILVER-HANDLED UMBRELLAS.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Franklin Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET.

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats a specialty.
Liveries of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

* SPRING *

WOOLENS.

Our Spring goods are now ready for inspection. Come and see the handsomest line of goods we have ever shown.

WILLIAM C. LANGLEY & SON,
174 & 176 THAMES ST.,
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HENRY D. SPOONER

(Successor to Gould & Son)

Merchant Tailor,

Chambers, Gas Building

179 THAMES STREET

Will carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS with a carefully selected stock of

Fashionable & Seasonable Goods.

By close attention to business and an exact execution of orders, he hopes to obtain a share of the public patronage.

Savings Bank of Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 14, 1889.

Return of names of Depositors in this institution who have not claimed their deposits or added thereto within twenty years, and published in accordance with Section 1, Chapter 602, Public Laws of State of Rhode Island.

John Jose Sylvia.. Ship Margaret...	Newport, R. I.	
George Weaver....	do.	
Mary S. Dunn.....	do.	Deceased
Julian August Schmidt........	do.	
John Getz, U. S. Army........	do.	
Benjamin Hazard..	Jamestown, R. I.	
William Edwards..	Newport, R. I.	
David Braman, for heirs of Polly Austin........	do.	Deceased
Joseph A. Johnston	do.	
James Hazard, Jr..	do.	
Adaline Amanda Read..........	do.	
Samuel Allen and Robert P. Lee for absent seamen..	do.	Deceased
Josephine Jackson	do.	
Patrick Buckley, Co. D., 3d Arty, U. S. Army......	do.	
Michael Ryan......	do.	
John T. Dodge.....	New Shoreham, R. I.	

WM. H. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

3-23 6w

Coddington Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 23, 1889.

Section 1, Chapter 602, Public Laws.

SECTION 1. The treasurer of every institution for savings shall, within fifteen days after the last business day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, and every fifth year thereafter, return to the state auditor a sworn statement containing the name, the last known place of residence or post office address and the fact of death, if known to such treasurer, of every depositor who shall not have made a deposit therein, or withdrawn therefrom any part of his deposit or any part of the interest thereon, or whose bank book has not been presented for entry thereon of accrued interest, for a period of twenty years next preceding said report, and shall publish the same in one or more newspapers published in or nearest to the city or town where such institution is located, at least once a week, for six weeks in succession; *provided, however,* that this act shall not apply to deposits made by or in the name of any person known to the officers of said institution for savings to be living and of sound mind.

NAMES.	Last known residence or Post Office address.
Armstrong Thomas M	"
Armstrong Mary I.	"
Ash Adaline	"
Barton William E	"
Barlow Maurice P	"
Barlow Carrie A	"
Barker Elizabeth	"
Collis Kate	"
Collins Mary A	"
Corley Patrick	"
Hall John	"
Harris John B	"
Jackson Charlotte M	"
Lawton Ellen C	"
Manchester Samuel M	"
Mitchell John	"
Oadin Lucius Jr	"
Oadin Charles	"
Putnam Andrew	
Smith William L	
Smith Mary A	
Taylor John	
Turner William	
Taylor George W	
Williams John W	

NATH. R. SWINBURNE, Treasurer.

3-23-6w

DISEASED BLOOD.

Humors, Blotches, Sores, Scales, Crusts, and Loss of Hair Cured.

Terrible Blood Poison. Suffered all a man could suffer and live. Face and body covered with awful sores. Used the Cuticura Remedies ten weeks and is practically cured. A remarkable case.

I contracted a terrible blood poisoning a year ago. I doctored with two good physicians, neither of whom did me any good. I suffered all a man can suffer and live. Hearing of your CUTICURA REMEDIES I concluded to try them, knowing if they did me no good they'd make me no worse. I have been using them about ten weeks, and I am most happy to say that I am almost rid of the awful sores that almost covered my head and body. My face was as bad, if not worse, than that of Miss Boynton, spoken of in your book, and I would say to anyone in the same condition, to use CUTICURA, and they will surely be cured. You may use this letter in the cause of suffering humanity.

E. W. REYNOLDS, Ashland, Ohio.

Covered with Running Sores 17 Years.

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half-dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I tried the CUTICURA REMEDIES; and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case.

L. R. McDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

Dug and Scratched 38 Years.

I go Mr. Dennis Dowling ten years better. I have dug and scratched for thirty-eight years. I had what is termed pruritis, and have suffered everything, and tried a number of doctors but got no relief. Anybody could have got $500 had they cured me. The CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me. God bless the man who invented CUTICURA.

CHENEY GREEN, Cambridge, Mass.

Cuticura Remedies

Are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH,

Relief Instantaneous. Cure Rapid, Radical, and Permanent.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing, the human voice, one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and injures the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his RADICAL CURE has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds sneezing, snuffling, and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell and taste, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver, and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT, and IMPROVED INHALER, all in one package; price $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

ACHING SIDES AND BACKS, Hip, kidney, and uterine pains and weaknesses, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY-FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

C/B C/B Bon Spirite

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FOR SALE BY LEADING MERCHANTS.
MAYER, STROUSE & CO.
MFRS.—412 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NOTICE!

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS repaired and re-covered. Samples of all kinds of coverings on hand. Also all the new styles of sticks furnished. Keys of all kinds, including Yale lock keys, fitted and locks furnished and repaired. All kinds of tools sharpened and polished. Orders promptly attended to. Umbrellas and Parasols for sale.

ROCCO BARONE, 7 Kinsley's Wharf.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00,—less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of Skin Disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep-seated diseases. Do not ever take BLUE PILLS or mercury, they are deadly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is Your Tongue Coated with a yellow, sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS Immediately.

Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or high-colored?

DONT WAIT! Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS.

If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once; it will cure you. SULPHUR BITTERS is

THE INVALID'S FRIEND!

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here. It may save your life; it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow.

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & CO., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

Pecuniary Profits of Science in Agriculture.

A recent prize offered by an Eastern horticultural society for the largest money product from a given area of small fruits was awarded to a strawberry grower whose sales from two acres amounted to more than seventeen hundred dollars; and Mr. E. P. Roe, in Play and Profit in my Garden, has told us how he secured a gross return of slightly more than two thousand dollars from the same amount of land. In the report of the last annual meeting of the New Jersey Horticultural Society the following are given as some of the yields obtained by its members, "although the season had been uniformly bad." Early cabbage produced $435 per acre; early tomatoes, $585 per acre; asparagus, four acres returned $900; seven acres, $1000; four acres, $200 per acre, and some instances as high as $300 per acre.

Mr. Peter Henderson tells of an asparagus grower near Atlanta whose crop gave for three successive years a net profit of $1500 per acre; and as instancing departures from old methods, cites the case of a farmer residing near Rochester, "who half a dozen years ago timidly made the attempt of growing a half-acre of his fifty-acre farm in vegetables for a village market. His venture was so satisfactory that he gradually increased his area, so that he now uses thirty of his fifty acres mostly in growing cabbages for the Rochester market. He further informed me that the net profit from the cabbage garden last year was six thousand five hundred dollars, or a little over two hundred dollars per acre, and that it was not a very good year for cabbages at that." And for the encouragement of those not "to the manor born," the same authority gives the following case as being within his personal observation: "A college-bred man of twenty-eight, failing in health from office work, purchased a farm of sixty acres at Northport, Long Island. The second year he tried a few acres in vegetables and small fruits, which he found sale for in the village of Northport at most satisfactory prices. I was on his farm in the summer of 1883, and I must say that for a man who had got his knowledge almost wholly from books, his venture looked as if it would be a complete success." In the dairy region of southern central New York, where the writer's boyhood was passed, and where the chief agricultural attractions consist of a gently undulating landscape and some most enticing trout streams, the general farming community have found themselves compelled to live "rather close to the bone." A rise or fall of a half-cent per quart in the wholesale milk market of New York city may be sufficient to turn the balance from one side to the other of their profit and loss account. Yet among their number is a Princeton alumnus, the record of whose work I have recently seen, who by the application of agricultural science to the growing of crops, the manufacture of ensilage, and the feeding of stock is enabled to pursue the "even tenor of his way," which is to harvest an annual profit many times in excess of the average three and one-half per cent. of his State.—[James K. Reeve, in Harper's Magazine for May.

Family Dissimilarity.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the several offspring of the same parents must necessarily resemble each other. The mutual likeness is occasionally, no doubt, very strong, but this is more apt to be physical than either moral or intellectual. The apparent resemblances, moreover, are oftener due to conformity of education and the habits of life than to original similitude of organization. The "ways" or the manners of two in the same family may be like enough, while there is a very wide divergence between their characters. In certain imitative and acquirable qualities—as the gait, action and tone of voice—the similarity is generally very strong, innate attributes of intelligence and moral force there is seldom much agreement.

Take the historic family of the Bonapartes. What variety of character the different members have exhibited! At what a height does Napoleon rise above the others, and with all the likeness of feature between him and Jerome, who can trace in the imperial genius of the one any family resemblance to the humble capacity of the other? How unlike are the conquering Napoleon and the timid Lucien? Retreating to the green fields and woods of England, the elder brother is content to record in weak verse the deeds of Charlamagne, while the ambition of the younger is not even satisfied with encircling his more victorious brows with that emperor's crown.

Where is the likeness between the feeble Earl of Chatham, the incompetent commander of the fatal Walcheren expedition, and his younger brother, William Pitt, who, Prime Minister at the age of twenty-two years, steadily governed England during the most perilous period of her history?

Sir Walter Scott had a brother who emigrated to Canada, and passed among its pioneers a sturdy life of labor in clearing and cultivating forest lands. There is no reason to suppose that he would have preferred, in common with the genius of his family, the companionship of the Muses and the pursuit of literature. Keats, too, had a brother, who, coming to this country, engaged in trade, the success of which was not interrupted by any poetical sympathies.

Great injustice is often done, and serious errors constantly made in the education of the young by presuming upon family resemblance. How difficult it is to persuade ordinary persons that, where one member of a family is corrupt, the whole is not necessarily tainted. It is not only possible for the genius and fool, the saint and sinner, to be born of the same parents, but is found to be frequently the case. Parents and teachers should bear this fact of family dissimilarity constantly in mind, and modify their systems of training accordingly. It is absurd to bring up the children of the same father and mother as if made by nature physically, intellectually and morally alike. Weakness and strength of any kind should not be treated as if one and the same, and the first duty of those who have the control of the education of the young should be to investigate the natural disposition of each.

Some pretend to fix with precision the hereditary influence. It is said that children inherit the qualities of their grand father rather than those of their immediate parents, and that the first child has more exclusively the attributes of one progenitor, either male or female, and the rest of the offspring a more equal combination of the characteristics of all. There being so many persons, and those at a far remove, from whom the children are supposed to derive their peculiarities of organization, it is almost impossible, however desirable it might be, to study them in their origin. The only practicable plan to pursue is to observe closely the development of each child's character, and adapt the education to the differences which we shall be sure to discover.

Pond's Extract, for Pains, Aches, Cuts, etc. Its power is supreme over all disease that comes within its range. It never fails. Try it once. *Examine closely see that you get the Genuine.*

His Wife Won His Money.

The venerable R. T. Simmons, who lives near Rochester, was in Titusville recently renewing old acquaintances and reviving reminiscences of Oil Creek. Mr. Simmons went through the oil excitement of 1864-5-6, and some of the unwritten history of these days as given by him is exceedingly interesting.

"These Oil Creek flats between Titusville and Oil City," said Mr. Simmons, "always suggest to me a great gambling table. I came to Oil City when I had to reach the town by stage over the worst road, I think, that horse ever traveled. We had eight horses to a stage coach, in which were eight passengers—a passenger for each horse—and it was about all the animals could do to draw us through the awful mud. In places it was over the axletree, and when we reached the town we found it worse than anywhere else. There was something discouraging about this mud, and I had a mind to take the back track home to Trenton, New Jersey, but I joined a party going up the creek next day. The big wells and the wonderful scenes of activity fascinated me and I remained.

"I had less than $200, and my first adventure was to open a little cigar store here in Titusville. I think I was located in a little two-by-four room somewhere near the present city building. I am a tobacconist by trade and know something about the cigar business, but I never knew of a trade that demanded such fine goods as the pushing, struggling crowds that day and night filled the streets of Titusville.—Everyone's pockets seemed lined with money and nine-tenths of the people were 'Coal Oil Johnnys' in subdued form. It was a positive offence to ask a man less than twenty-five cents for a five-cent cigar, and I made money rapidly. When I got $800 together that I didn't need in my business I joined with one of my customers and we took a lease near what was later known as the 'Octave district.'

"I didn't know much about the oil business, and my partner, a man named Radcliff Dobson from Philadelphia, knew less, but the fickle goddess was kind to us. A big gusher came in not far from our tract, and we got no rest till we sold out. We had a little more than a garden patch of ground, but we sold our lease for $200,000 cash. It was a Boston company that bought us out. They put down a well and got a dry hole and was the sickest crowd you ever saw. They put down other wells on the lease and got some oil, but I don't think they ever got a quarter of their money back.

"Oil in those days ranged in price all the way from 25 cents a barrel up to $12 a barrel. Dobson and I divided about $500, in less than ten months, and dissolved partnership. He went back to Philadelphia and married a young lady who also had a fortune, and they went to Europe on a wedding tour. He was an inveterate gambler, and I learned afterwards that she had a mania in that direction herself.

"One day I received a foreign letter postmarked Baden-Baden. It was a hastily written note from Mrs. Dobson, enclosing a draft for $1000 and asked me to come to Baden-Baden at once. I was doing little but enjoying myself, so I packed a few things and in two days after receiving the letter was on the ocean bound to Baden-Baden. Arriving there I found my friend and partner, Dobson, in a deplorable state. He had taken to drinking heavily and playing with great recklessness. In six months he had wrecked himself physically and lost his entire fortune, amounting in all to $250,000. I found him confined to his bed in a hotel and his mind bordering on madness.

"Then Mrs. Dobson told me a strange story and, moreover, produced corroborative evidence of the truth of it. She was a large, blackeyed woman, and although a trifle masculine in her features was strikingly handsome and a woman of uncommon business qualifications. She had studied for the lyric stage and had sung in several public concerts, but, inheriting a fortune, she abandoned the stage and afterwards married Dobson. Her story was most peculiar. After coming to Baden-Baden with her husband he became a slave to liquor, and, being a reckless gambler with plenty of money, was soon a habitue of the gambling rooms and losing large sums nightly. At times he would not appear at home for a week and always intoxicated.

"To save her husband and his fortune Mrs. Dobson had to resort to a magnificent strategy. She was a fine card player herself, and set out to win her husband's money at the gaming table. She cut off her beautiful hair to help along her disguise, and arraying herself in the outfit of a Baden-Baden sport she frequented the gambling rooms and played against her husband at every opportunity. Dobson was a 'high roller,' and paid his losses like a thorough bred, and one night when he was especially maudlin Mrs. Dobson went home with $20,000 of his money. In three months she won his last cent, something like $150,000 and produced her bank book to show me where she had it deposited.

"Poor Dobson knew that he had lost his money, but never suspected that his wife won it and had it safe in bank. He had become very brutal toward her in his drunken frenzy and once or twice had threatened her life. She knew I had some influence over him, and had sent for me to help restore him to his proper senses and get him back to the United States. I got Dobson weaned from the bottle, and when he was in proper frame of mind told him the story that his wife told me. It produced a remarkable change in him. He went to his wife, who was then ill from overexertion and anxiety, asked her forgiveness and promised in the most earnest manner to make amends for his past short comings. He seemed to be the most contented man in Baden-Baden, but two weeks later, while in a public park, he fired a pistol ball into his brain and died almost instantly.—[Philadelphia Times.

The Population of Newport

Is about (twenty-two thousand), and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam of the throat and Lungs. *Trial size free.* Large Bottle 50 cents and $1. Sold by all druggists.

Guard well thy thoughts—thy thoughts are ahead in Heaven.

IT IS NOT BEST

to always believe everything that a person tells you but when you hear that the best blood purifier is Sulphur Bitters you can believe it, for they cured me of a severe case of blood poisoning. REV. A. FAIRCHILD, New York City.

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*. I procured a bottle, and since the first day's use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with Boston *Journal*.

An Old Sea Captain's Story.

Captain James Morton, 155 Essex street, Lynn, (55 years of age) *cured* of Inflammatory Rheumatism of 28 years standing by *Lougee's Vitalizing Compound*. At druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When and What to Eat.

Five or six Wall street men were dining at Delmonico's recently when the subject of conversation turned on what to eat. One remarked that Dr. Talmage eats almost any kind of food. He eats more on Sunday than any other day in the week, because on that day he does more work. He is fond of pie and fruits.

Mrs. Langtry is remarkably fond of oysters and spends large sums on the kitchen department of her establishment.

Rose Coghlan prefers the white meat of a chicken to almost any other meat. Clara Louise Kellogg's favorite dish is pork and beans. Lillian Russell will not dine without a salad if there is one to be had.

The Rev. Robert Collyer says: "As for myself I try to live like a Christian and a white man. I like plain food well cooked, and I do not care for any kind of messes. I like chicken pie. I like roast pig for Charles Lamb's sake. I like seed-loaf and teacake for my mother's sake. On the Sabbath I eat four meals. I would hardly know how to keep the Sabbath without fishballs for breakfast. Supplemented with chops and coffee they are an excellent thing to preach a sermon on. On my birthday I always have a big dish of oatmeal and cream; not that I am particularly partial to oatmeal. I had so much of it when I was a boy that it palled on my taste, but I made up my mind long ago that if I ever could afford it I would have oatmeal and cream —not blue milk—on my birthday every year."

Robert B. Rosevelt, the new minister to Holland, has been called the legitimate successor to Sam Ward, the finest epicure America ever saw. Certainly he (Rosevelt) was the leading gastronomer of New York when he was here. He said: I have long looked for an occasion sufficiently conspicuous to justify the giving of a purely American dinner. Let us imagine a dinner beginning with a boiled fish; not a salmon, for that is too rich for an elaborate dinner. Then, if you please, turkey. Afterward terrapin and fried oysters; not the cold, clammy, uncooked ones which fashion requires us to outrage an empty stomach with. For game, canvas back duck or Minnesota venison. If any one must have beignets in the middle of the meal, give him straight-out American griddle cakes, and not feeble imitations, although all such interpolations are vandalisms. Then have something satisfying to the natural longing for sweets —no grateaux varies, dried up, cakelets, but a pumpkin or mince pie, or one of the innumerable puddings that are puddings, or plum, or batter, or cabinet, or Indian.

Russel Sage eats three hearty meals a day. He said: "I eat wheaten grits 365 times a year at breakfast and they always agree with me. I eat what agrees with me and eschew what does not. Six months in the year I have baked or stewed apples for breakfast. Fruit I am fond of and always find it beneficial." For the rest, his diet is chiefly chops, steaks, chicken, baked potatoes, bread, milk and honey.

Charles A. Dana lives on two meals a day, seldom taking luncheon. He says: "I live well and take rational exercise. I have no hobbies about plain and simple food, but eat everything that I can get that is good and that I know by experience agrees with me. Theories about eating are all nonsense. Experience must govern every man's selection of his food."

C. P. Huntington says: "I pity a man who is constantly thinking what he shall find to eat." He eats three simple meals a day with dinner in the middle, and goes to bed always at 10 o'clock. Beef, mutton, potatoes (always baked), bread and butter and tea, with plenty of green vegetables, especially tomatoes, are almost the only things he eats.—Sweets he hardly ever tastes.

Jay Gould is particularly fond of baked potatoes, and says the simpler his food is, the better it is for his head. "I find my time filled up pretty well with business," he once said, "and I certainly find I can get along better when my food is the plainest of the plain. I do not mean to say that I do not like some of the dishes which I cannot eat, but fortunately I am not sufficiently fond of them to make it any sacrifice to give them up. Your complex dishes of high flavors are very good, but they are not business.

Dr. Alexander B. Mott says: "In cooking for invalids the great desideratum is to give nutriment in such form that the stomach can most readily assimilate it. The taste alone is not a safe guide. A dyspeptic, for example, is constantly craving things that cannot be taken with impunity. The great things about feeding is to take such food as is suitable to a person's habits."—[Mail and Express.

An End Man.

A.—Say, did you see Tom Peterson anywhere in your travels?

B.—You mean the Peterson who used to be in the negro minstrel business?

"Yes, that's the man."

"I saw him in Omaha."

"You don't say so? Is he still in the minstrel business."

"Well, he's not exactly in the minstrel business, but he's a sort of an end man."

"How's that?"

"He's a grave digger."

Quite Good Enough.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown," said the haberdasher, "this is a quarter necktie you have selected; you always wear a dollar one." "That's all right, old boy," he returned, with a wink; "my wife has just started making a crazy quilt."—[Judge.

A Financial Episode.

Mr. Dunnell—"You'll pardon me for taking advantage of a secluded corner, my dear Miss Bristoe, but I want to ask you a question."

Miss Bristoe—"This is s-so sudden!"

Mr. Dunnell—"I know I'm a bit abrupt, but I want to inquire as to the best time to find your father at home. He owes our firm for that last block of stock, you know."—[Judge.

Wants the Earth.

"What's the matter, Uncle 'Rastus," inquired a citizen; "you look gloomy." "I is gloomy, sah. I'se jess had a business transaction wif 'Dolphus Johnson, an' he expecs de roas' beef, an' wan's ter gib me nuffin but de gravy. Dey calls us de sons ob Ham, but dat yaller rascal is wuss: he's de son ob de bull animile."—[Harper's Weekly.

Robert Burdette says: "It's the easiest thing in the world to invent a new religion; any fool can do that. It is a thousand times easier to invent a new religion than to live up to the old one." There is a deep philosophy in that little piece of wit. It is something easy that men want. They want education without study, wealth without pay, and pleasures without sacrifices. They have sought out many inventions. Short cuts to wealth, culture, greatness and glory are in demand.

POND'S EXTRACT

VEGETABLE PAIN DESTROYER

INVALUABLE FOR ALL PAINS AND INFLAMMATIONS.

Sore Throat, Diphtheria. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Relief assured.

Sores, Sprains, Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing, and Healing.

Catarrh. Pond's Extract is unsurpassed for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, &c. (See page 11, in Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than Pond's Extract. Try it!

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.

Piles. Pond's Extract is undoubtedly the best remedy known for Piles. The use of Pond's Extract Ointment in connection with the Extract is highly recommended. (See p. 15, Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

Pond's Extract is Known Everywhere.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation.

It is never sold in bulk or by measure.

Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

PILES.

This *Ointment* is specially recommended for *Piles*.

If used in connection with *Pond's Extract* it will be found invaluable.

Also for *Burns, Scalds, Eruptions, &c., &c.* Testimonials from all classes. Price 50c.

Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Put up only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N.Y.

FREE FREE

$85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

You Don't Know

HOW REASONABLE THE PRICES ARE AT THE

People's Market.

Full Stock of Meats and Vegetables.

BARKER & MARTIN,

343 Thames Street.

PIANOS

TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY,
FINE LINEN PAPER,
CREAM WOVE AND LAID, AT
30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organs.

John Rogers,

210 THAMES ST

H. S. MILLIKIN,

REAL ESTATE AND MORTGAGE BROKER

Desirable building lots on all parts of the Island for sale. Cottages to rent for the season both furnished and unfurnished. All matters pertaining to the real estate business promptly attended to. Correspondence solicited.

12-15 P. O. Box 414, Block Island, R. I.

FREE FREE FREE

$93 Sewing-Machine To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for $93, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not "*warranted to cure*" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted *infallible*, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

New Advertisements.

INFANTRY HALL, Providence.

FIRST ANNUAL

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

—OF THE—

Rhode Island Choral Association,

April 29 and 30 and May 1.

(FIVE CONCERTS)

The chorus of the Association will sing on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY EVENINGS.

A Chorus of 500 Pupils of the Providence High School

will sing on TUESDAY AFTERNOON. The following soloists have been engaged for the Festival.

Miss Emma Juch, Mme. Teresa Herbert Foerster, Sopranos.
Miss Helene Von Doenhoff, Contralto.
Signor Jules Perotti, Mr. Chas. P. Knorr, Tenors.
Mr. Joseph Lyndé, Baritone.
Mr. H. M. Babcock, Basso.
Mr. Max Bendix, Violinist.
Mr. Victor Herbert, Violoncellist.
Fraulein Ada Der Ohe, Pianist.

FULL ORCHESTRA OF 36 MUSICIANS,

Selected from the great New York and Boston Sympony Societies, and Great Organ.

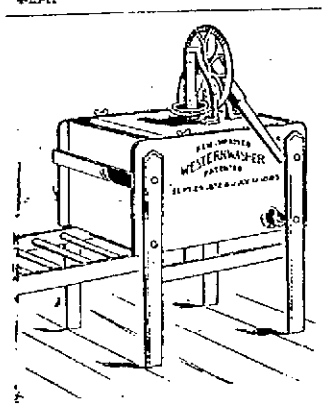
CARL ZERRAHN, Director.

VICTOR E. HAMMEREL, Accompanist.

A FESTIVAL PAMPHLET

of 48 pages, can be had free at John Rogers' Music Store, Thames Street, Newport, R. I. Reserved seats $1. For sale at Billings's Music Store, Providence.

4-23-tf



AN

OPEN LETTER.

OFFICE OF
D. R. SLOAN & Co.,
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE.
LONACONNING, MD.
Feb, 12th, 1889.

The Vandergrift Mfg. Co.,
Jamestown, N. Y.,

GENTLEMEN:

As you know, we have been selling your "Western Washer" for some years past; and we desire, unsolicited on your part, to give you this Testimonial

We ordered from you during 1888 just 98 Western Washers, which ought to be the best evidence in the world of their worth.

Out of all the hundreds we have sold we have yet to hear the first complaint.

We have no recollection of ever having sold a machine that we did not say to the buyer, "If the machine does not do its work to your entire satisfaction, we will take it back."

We have yet to take back the first one.

Could we say more?

Wishing you continued success, we are Yours respectfully,
D. R. SLOAN & CO.

The above is only a fair statement, and we would say, judging from sales during the past three months, that our year's sales will far outnumber the above. We only have to say

TRY ONE,

Knowing a trial insures sale every time.

A. C. TITUS & CO.,

AGTS. FOR NEWPORT COUNTY.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Will be sold at Public Auction

SATURDAY, April 27, on Washington Sq., at 10 o'clock A. M.,

One black horse, 1 bay horse, 1 one-horse drag, 1 coupe, 1 set harness, being the goods and chattels mortgaged to me by Sherman R. Brown by deed bearing date November 15, 1888.
JOHN B. DEBLOIS, Mortgagee.
4-20-2w

APRIL 27—This sale was THIS DAY indefinitely postponed.
4-27 JOHN B. DEBLOIS.

Carriages.

Side-Bar Buggies.
Phaeton Buggies.
Democrat Wagons.
Order Wagons.
Top Wagons.
Heavy Team Wagons.
One 2d-hand Carryall.

Carriages of all kinds on hand or furnished to order.

—BY—

J. B. BACHELLER or
C. H. SEATLE,

Commercial Wharf.

4-20

Newport County News

MIDDLETOWN.

The annual social of the Ladies' Reading Club, took place last evening at the residence of Wm. F. Peckham, Esq. A most bountiful supper was spread by the ladies, who with their invited guests made about fifty in all present. After the supper came the following programme which was excellently rendered.

Part I.

1. Greeting Song—Mrs. Geo. Ward, Mrs. W. C. Peckham.
2. Charades.
3. Duet, March des Pompiers—Misses Della and Lulu Barker.
4. Two tableaux.
5. Song, Away, Away—Mrs. Geo. Ward, Mrs. W. C. Peckham.
6. Charades.
7. Duet, Viena March—Mrs. Wayland Smith, Miss Lida Smith.
8. Charades.

Part II.

9. Song, Alpine Home—Mrs. Geo. Ward, Mrs. W. C. Peckham.
10. Charades.
11. Duet, Haydn's Symphony, No. 1—Miss Ella Gardner, Miss Sadie Ward.
12. Tableaux.
13. Song, The Ring Dance—Miss Sadie Ward.
14. Charades.

The President of the Club, Miss Ella Gardner presented each member with a souvenir, on one side of which was the monogram L. R. C. and on the reverse side five books, the number read the past winter; inside on separate cases were quotations from the different authors, and lastly, the programme for the evening. After the entertainment was over a most generous supply of refreshments was served. Altogether it was a most enjoyable affair and appreciated by all present.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE MEETING.—The Public School Committee met for organization at the Town Hall on Saturday, April 20th, 1889.

All the members being present the following organization was effected.

Chairman—Lyman H. Barker.
Supt. and Clerk—Joel Peckham.
Committee on Qualifications—Joel Peckham.
Committee on Finance—Chas. H. Hazard.

It was voted to hold the regular meeting of the committee for the ensuing year on the third, Saturday's of April, July, October and January, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the Town Hall.

The school terms were then arranged as follows:

Spring term from May 6 to June 28—8 weeks. Fall term from Sept. 2 to Nov. 22—12 weeks. Winter term to commence on Dec. 2d and continue 19 weeks, including the Christmas vacation.

Truant officer's report received, read and ordered placed on file.

The Methodist church observed Easter with a special sermon and anthem in the afternoon and a concert by the Sunday School and choir in the evening.

Presiding Elder Jordan was present at the latter service and gave a brief address to the children. He held the Quarterly conference at the close of the service.

The times of the Methodist services are changed from 2 and 7 o'clock to 2:30 and 8:30.

PORTSMOUTH.

Easter Election of St. Mary's Parish.

Senior Warden—Robert S. Chase.
Junior Warden—William H. Gifford.
Vestrymen—Noel Coggeshall, Rescom P. Manchester, Herbert Chase, William P. Manchester, James R. Chase, George R. Chase, Lewis R. Manchester, Robert W. Anthony.
Treasurer—Rescom P. Manchester.
Secretary—William H. Gifford.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention to be holden in Providence—Rescom P. Manchester, James R. Chase, William H. Gifford and Robert S. Chase.
Substitutes to said Convention—Robert W. Anthony, Lewis R. Manchester, Henry I. Chase and Herbert Chase.

Easter Election of St. Mary's Guild.

Director—William H. Gifford
Directress—Mrs. Constant W. Chase.
Sec. and Treas.—Mrs. Wanton T. Sherman.
Committee of Three Ladies—Mrs. Harry Tallman, Mrs. Frederic A. Field, Mrs. Alfred G. Sisson.

The usual Easter services took place in St. Paul's and St. Mary's Church on Easter Day. Both churches were handsomely decorated with cut flowers and growing plants. The memorial tablets were wreathed with smilax. The palms and many of the other plants at St. Mary's were from the green house of Mr. Abner Lawton, Middletown, and were arranged by the Flower Committee, of which Mrs. James M. Sisson is Chairman.

At the annual school meeting in Vanduse District, April 19, Mr. E. Alton Coggeshall was elected Moderator, and Mr. Rescom P. Manchester, clerk.

The Trustees chosen were Mr. Thomas Manchester, Mr. Robert W. Anthony and Mr. Dennis Murphy. Collector and Treasurer, Mr. Robert W. Anthony. The school house in this district is in need of a good many repairs.

At an adjourned meeting in this district, holden on Monday evening, April 22, it was voted to raise a tax of one dollar on each and every one thousand dollars of the ratable property of the district, to pay the present indebtedness of the district, and to make the needed repairs. The board fence is to be rebuilt, part of it to be new, the house roof to be newly shingled, the ceiling to be replastered, and chimney to be altered.

Miss Minnie Collins is to teach the school in McCurrie district, in place of Mr. Whipple.

The Portsmouth Cornet Band, H. C. Fish, leader, will give a concert and social at Oakland Hall, Tuesday evening, April 30.

Free Rum or Cider—Which?

Whether the proposed constitutional amendment in Massachusetts against rum is also against cider, is being, as it ought, well agitated. We believe fruit growers feel about manufacturing a home beverage somewhat like the woman whom the learned Dr. Abernathy once remonstrated with for mutilating her husband's face in a family jar. Said the worthy doctor—"Madam, are you not ashamed, treating the head of this family thus—in fact, your head, madam?" The virago retorted fiercely, "Well, doctor, if that be true, haven't I a right to scratch my own head?" It seems to us, prohibition advocates should reflect that, so long as humanity is unfitted to its surroundings and condition of life, so long evil will exist, and human beings foolishly try to "drown misery" with strong drink. But increase human happiness by every possible means; lessen that mother's burden that she may bear more healthy children; then ameliorate their hunger, disease and pain by better physical as well as moral training, and you will have plucked out the most deadly fang of the monster—intemperance, while farmers and fruit growers are left to pursue an honest calling. Acting upon this precept, we would go farther and proclaim that thousands of families are now suffering with troubles that scores of persons have repeatedly tried to relieve with strong drink. "Hot lemonade with a stick," "rock and rye" are familiar recipes. Temperance people should teach others to find some better remedy for hacking coughs, bronchial irritations, catarrhal inflammations, rheumatism and neuralgia, than whiskey. Said a well known Boston merchant, recently, to a party of friends: "I used to resort to whiskey when attacked with rheumatism and neuralgia; I could get drunk, but I couldn't cure neuralgia. But I know a remedy—Johnson's Anodyne Liniment—that will fix it every time." Truly, it is the most certain remedy known for any pain or inflammation. It is used internally as well as externally. Many persons do not know this. The manufacturers I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to anyone a pamphlet telling how to use it. A teaspoonful, *properly* used, will accomplish wonders.

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to every body, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

The Rescue of the Danmark's Passengers.

On Monday last the country was relieved by the news that the steamer Missouri from London for Philadelphia had arrived at that port bringing a portion of the passengers and crew of the stranded steamer Danmark, and also bringing news that all were safe. The Danmark was found early in April abandoned at sea with no signs of passengers or crew on board. She started from one of the Baltic ports with 650 passengers and a crew ranging from 70 to 100 men. When seen on April 8th, by the steamer City of Chester, she was abandoned, water-logged, and sinking rapidly. What had become of the 750 people? This question had been asked thousands of times by those who have read of the facts. Up to Saturday, April 20th, no answer had been received, and hope deferred was making many hearts sick, the idea being general, that unless news came soon the conclusion would be inevitable that they had been swallowed up by the sea.

Sunday night, April 21st, about midnight, the Missouri arrived off Delaware breakwater; but it was not until Monday afternoon that she arrived at her dock. It seems that during a severe storm on April 4th, the Danmark broke her shaft. As she rose on the crest of a wave and began to descend, the propeller was, for the moment, clear of the water, while revolving very rapidly. The shaft in the tunnel broke near the aft end of the section. The jagged end of the portion of the section connected with the engine tore a hole in the bottom of the vessel. At this moment an engine pipe burst, killing Engineer Kass immediately, and loosening the iron plate at the side of the vessel, causing another leak. The machinery was completely disabled. The vessel at once fell into the trough of the sea, and was as helpless as a log, the waves constantly breaking over her. Fortunately, the after compartment of the vessel was closed and kept the water back. Measures were at once taken to get sails on the vessel, she was put before the wind, and everything done that skillful seamanship could suggest to secure the safety of the vessel and passengers.

On the 5th, the glad hail was heard from the tops that a sail was in sight. Signals of distress were hoisted, and the steamer, which proved to be the Missouri from London for Philadelphia bore down on the Danmark. Captain Knudsen signaled the Missouri and asked that his passengers be taken aboard, intending to attempt to proceed under sail, but the Missouri signaled back that it would be impossible to take so many on the Missouri, but offered to give the Danmark a tow. As soon as the course was changed from before the wind, the Danmark began to strain, and the water forced its way in much faster than the pumps could free the vessel. On the 6th, the case was seen to be hopeless. So much water was in the hold that she lost her buoyancy, and every time she went down in the trough of the sea her passengers thought it would be her last plunge. The Missouri was stopped, and Captain Knudsen went aboard. After a short conference, Captain Morrell of the Missouri agreed to jettison a portion of his cargo, and thus allow room between decks for the 721 souls on board the Danmark. Nothing of incident occurred to mark the journey, the gale having subsided. On arriving at the Azores the Missouri landed 320 passengers, Captain Knudsen, the first and second officers, three engineers, and 42 sailors. With 340 passengers and the rest of the crew the Missouri, after provisioning, sailed for Philadelphia. Captain Knudsen and three engineers sailed on the 14th for London on board a Demarara steamer. Officer Raben left the Azores on the 15th.

The Elks Benefit.

The Newport Lodge of Elks has selected for its benefit entertainment, which is to be given at the Opera House on the 20th proximo, Mr. Lewis Morrison's spectacular version of Faust. This drama has received most flattering notices from the press wherever presented. We clip the following from the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury:

"Mr. Lewis Morrison has scored an unequivocal success in his new dramatic version of "Faust," and Herrmann's Broad Street Theatre has been filled at every performance since the opening. Few attractions presented anywhere this season surpass "Faust" in its wealth of spectacular display, and it may be said that the story, even when given in grand opera, has never been more picturesquely told. The Public Square of Nuremberg, Marguerites Garden and the Square of the Fountains are masterpieces of stage effect, and for richness of coloring and perfection of detail they have rarely been equalled. They are nightly greeted with great applause. Miss Rosabel Morrison makes a delightfully sympathetic and picturesque Marguerite, and the remainder of the company are up to the standard of the most exacting requirements."

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Star of the East Society.

President—Charles S. Rice.
Vice President—Edward Keeley.
Treasurer—Jefferson Morrison.
Assistant Treasurer—Robert Francis.
Secretary—Edward Richards.
Assistant Secretary—Lewis Smith.
Marshal—Richard King.
Stewards—Edward Simmons, Lewis Smith, Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, Jefferson Morrison, Lewis Johns, James Bannister, Augustus Gilbert.
Banking Committee—Jefferson Morrison, Thomas Jones, Rev. H. N. Jeter.

St. Stephen's Guild.

President ex-officio—Rev. G. J. Magill.
Vice President—George R. Chase.
Secretary—R. B. Underwood.
Treasurer—George M. Dockray.
Steward—Mark M. Chevers.

Women's Christian Temperance Union

President—Mrs. Benjamin C. Groff.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. John Pitman.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Laura A. Barker.
Treasurer—Miss Lizzie Sherman.
Librarian—Miss Betty Dunham.
Vice Presidents—First Methodist Church, Miss Lizzie Sherman; Thames street Methodist, Mrs. Laura A. Barker; Emmanuel, Miss H. M. Wheeler; Trinity, Mrs John Pitman; St. George, Miss M. A. Hazard; First Baptist, Mrs. W. P. Smith; Second Baptist, Mrs. Abbie E. Wood; Central Baptist, Miss Lydia Stoddard; United Congregational, Mrs. Ann M. Simmons; Channing Memorial, Mrs. William Crandall; Friends', Mrs. Daniel Wetherell; Union Congregational, Mrs. M. Van Horne; Shiloh Baptist, Mrs. H. N. Jeter; Touro Chapel, Mrs. A. W. Upshaw.
Superintendents of Departments—Evangelistic work, Mrs. Hattie Rogers; soldiers and sailors, Mrs. Laura A. Barker; narcotics, Miss Lizzie Sherman; temperance instruction, Miss M. E. Wood; unfermented wine at the Lord's table, Mrs. W. H. Morehead; Sabbath observance, Mrs. W. P. Smith; prison, jail and almshouse work, Miss Lydia Stoddard; Sunday school work, Mrs. L. W. Butcher; social purity, Mrs. M. E. Dyer; juvenile work, Mrs. Benjamin C. Groff; hygiene and heredity, Mrs. Charles Paddock; home protection, Mrs. Daniel Goddard; public meetings, Mrs. M. E. Dyer; temperance literature, Mrs. Charles L. Chapman; signatures to the pledge, Miss Abbie E. Wood; press committee, Mrs. John Pitman.

There will be a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen Monday evening for the consideration of applications for hackney carriage and drivers' licenses, etc.

Easter Elections.

The annual Easter elections of the several Episcopal churches of Newport have been held this week with the following results:

Trinity Church.

Senior Warden—Lefroy King.
Junior Warden—Rodman Cornell.
Treasurer—Philip Rider.
Secretary—William E. Dennis.
Vestrymen—Benjamin Finch, John H. Cozzens, W. E. Dennis, Henry D. Belfoils, Walter L. Kane, Philip Rider, George Peabody Wetmore, John Ireys, T. R. Hulme, V. Mott Francis, George Gordon King.
Delegates to the Diocesan Convention—John H. Cozzens, Le Roy King, George Gordon King, Dr. V. Mott Francis.
Alternates—George Peabody Wetmore, Rodman Cornell, Walter L. Kane, George M. Dockray.

Emmanuel Church.

Senior Warden—John M. Taylor.
Junior Warden—Andrew K. McMahon.
Treasurer—John M. Taylor.
Secretary—John A. Gibson.
Vestrymen—William P. Clarke, John A. Gibson, Edward C. Smith, George W. Barlow, Peter King, Howard Clarke, Lawrence M. Greason, Sheldon Curtis, John Hilton, Benjamin Sisson.
Delegates to the Diocesan Convention—John Nicholas Brown, Andrew K. McMahon, John M. Taylor, William P. Clarke.
Alternates—Dr. J. C. Wise, U. S. N., George W. Barlow, Edward Taylor, Henry Weston.

St. John's Chapel.

Senior Warden—Willard Eddy.
Junior Warden—John C. Weaver.
Secretary—James P. Barker.
Treasurer—Joseph C. Coggeshall.
Vestrymen—William G. Schwarz, Joseph C. Coggeshall, James P. Barker, Arnold James, Edward Burlingham, Clark Burdick, Peter Quire.
Delegates—Willard Eddy, C. F. Goodrich, U. S. N., Charles Washburne, Edward Burlingham.
Substitutes—Clark Burdick, William H. Schwarz, John C. Weaver, Peter Quire.

St. George's Chapel.

Senior Warden—W. H. Sherman.
Junior Warden—J. H. Barney.
Treasurer—J. D. Richardson.
Secretary—W. S. Slocum.
Auditor—F. S. Waite.
Vestrymen—J. D. Richardson, F. S. Waite, William Allen, Alfred Barker, W. S. Slocum, H. R. Conklin, E. E. Leonard, Joseph Armstrong, Sidney B. Gladding, G. H. Barker.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.

Senior Warden—Frederick W. Rhinelander.
Junior Warden—No election.
Secretary—Dr. W. C. Rives, Jr.
Treasurer—J. T. Burdick.
Vestrymen—Samuel Blatchford, Dr. E. Lunze Cunningham, G. Mead Tooker, W. Strother Jones, Jr., Dr. F. LeRoy Satterlee.

The Artillery social Wednesday evening proved a most enjoyable affair.

New Advertisements.

Wanted.

A YOUNG married man to take charge of a farm on this Island. Must have good recommendations, and wife to be a good buttermaker. Apply to
FRANK B. PORTER,
4-20 22 & 24 Bellevue Ave.

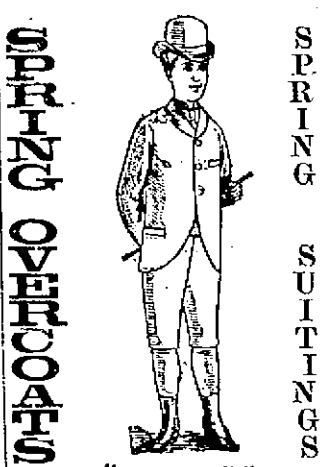
MACADAMIZED ROADS.

The committee appointed by the town of South Kingstown to build about three and one-half miles of Macadam road, commencing at Columbia Corner, in the village of Wakefield, through the villages of Peace Dale and Rocky Brook, to the crushed stone road near the village of Kingston, and from the terminus of the crushed stone road east of Columbia Corner, to the boundary line of the District of Narragansett, near Silver Lake, invite contractors and others, who may wish to bid on said job, to send in their names and post-office addresses to the Clerk of said Committee, William T. Stedman, Peace Dale, R. I. Specifications will be sent on application.

By order of the Committee,
April 2d, 1889.

SPRING

CLOTHING.



WE CAN SAVE YOU

MONEY

In making your spring purchase of

CLOTHING.

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF.
ALL MADE WELCOME.
NO ONE URGED TO BUY.
THE GOODS AND PRICES

DO THE

TALKING.

Newport One-Price Clothing Co.,

Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Outfitters.

208-Thames St.-208

A. C. Landers' Column

Hard Wood

Velocipedes

WITH

13-in. front wheel for $2.25.
16-in. " " 2.50.
19-in. " " 2.75.
22-in. " " 3.00.
24-in. " " 3.25.

Feather Dusters,

TURKEY FEATHERS.

10-inch 39c. 12-inch 59c.
15-inch 95c.

PICTURE DUSTERS.

6-inch 23c. 7-inch 34c.
8-inch 41c.
9-inch 59c. 10-inch 73c.
12-inch 95c.

Whisk Brushes

For 10, 15, 19, 23, 29, 31, 34, 43, 49, up.

BIRD CAGES

For 95, 1.23, 1.39, 1.59, 1.90.

Liquid Glue 15-25c.

Crochet Needle Case 9c.

Sewing Machine Oil 9c.

Ladies' Shoe Dressing 9c.

Tooth Picks 7c.

Boxwood Rules 7c.

Mirrors 5c.

Pocket Combs 10c.

Napkin Rings 10c.

Screw Drivers 5c.

Mucilage 5c.

Ink 5c.

Pencils 3 for 5c.

Blank Books 2--5c.

SOLID WALNUT TABLES

For 95c.

BRASS TOP TABLES

For 95c.

FOLDING LAP BOARDS

95c. to $1.23.

A. C. Landers,

167 Thames Street,

Covell's Block.

New Advertisements.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

Members are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting as fixed by Charter will be held at 8 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, the 2d of May, 1889, in the Historical Society's Hall, Touro street, for the purpose of receiving the Annual Reports for the twelve months then ending; and for the election of officers and Council for ensuing twelve months; also for the transaction of such other business as may then be brought in order before the meeting. Members are particularly requested to attend, as the business may be important.

A. O'D. TAYLOR, Secretary.

Newport, April 25, 1889.

DOGS.

The Attention of all Owners and Keepers of Dogs

is called to the State law regarding the licensing of dogs; according to which all dogs must be licensed. Fee until May 1st $1.15 for male, $5.15 for female. On and after May 1st $1 extra.

Licenses now ready at the Police Station.

W. O. CONGDON, Chief of Police.
4-23-1w

Office of the Probate Clerk of the City of Newport in Rhode Island, April 26, A. D. 1889.

MARTHA ALLMAN, of said Newport, having this day filed in this office her petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying that an instrument in writing presented with said petition, purporting to be the last will and testament of

GEORGE WILLIAM ALLMAN,

late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to her, the Executrix named therein, and said petitioner having applied to me to give notice thereof by advertising in the *Newport Mercury*:

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday, the 13th day of May, A. D. 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-27

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 22, A. D. 1889.

AUGTSUS P. SHERMAN, Administrator on the estate of

THOMAS GILL,

late of Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account of administration on said estate containing proceeds of sale of real estate, and prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to Monday, the 13th day of May, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week, at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-27

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 22, A. D. 1889.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of David S. Mayberry, presented this day, praying that letters of administration on the estate of

FREEMAN MAYBERRY,

late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, may be granted to him, or some other suitable person:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 13th day of May, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-27

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, Administrator on the estate of LAURA E. TEW, late of Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having demands to present them, and all indebted to make payment to him.

WILLIAM C. SCOTT, Administrator.
Newport, April 27, 1889.

Real Estate and Insurance AGENCY.

Call and see the "Matchless Burner."
67 Broadway. SIMEON HAZARD.
4-20-tf

GEORGE P. LAWTON,

Livery, Sale and Boarding Stables and Carriage Repository,

PARK STABLES,

Cor. Touro and Spring Sts.

Horses and Carriages of all kinds bought and sold on commission.

All kinds of

FIRST-CLASS TEAMS

To let by day or month, with or without liveried drivers.

SIXTY NEW CARRIAGES

manufactured to order the past winter, partly on hand and the balance to arrive by May 10th, and we can sell them at bottom prices, consisting of pony carts, road carts, dog carts, surreys, carryalls, buckboards, top and open buggies, phaetons, victorias, business and spindle wagons, depot wagons, etc., etc.

30 2d-Hand Carriages

of all kinds must be sold.

PONIES.

6 ponies just arrived from England.

50 Horses for sale or exchange.
50 Sets Harnesses must be sold.

LAWTON'S STABLE.

4-27-4mo

Coddington Savings Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., April 16, 1889.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND at the rate of five per cent. per annum will be paid on and after Wednesday, the 17th inst.

NATH. R. SWINBURNE, Treasurer.
4-20

OFFICE OF THE CITY SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, CITY WHARF, Newport, R. I.

I HEREBY give notice as required by Law, to all persons engaged in the trade of buying and selling, or as a public weigher, who uses Weights and Measures, to bring in to the Sealer's Office within one month from the 1st day of April, his Weights, Measures and Balances to be adjusted and sealed.

The Law on Weights and Measures and Sealing, Chap. 130, Sec. 13, is as follows:

"Every person engaged in the trade of buying and selling, or as a public weigher, who shall use or permit to be used for him, any weight, measure or balance of whatever description, unless such weight, measure or balance shall have been duly sealed in conformity with the provisions of this Chapter, shall forfeit the sum of Twenty Dollars."

THOMAS WEAVER, City Sealer of Weights and Measures.

All Measures, both dry and wet, must be brought to the Sealer's Office. Where it is not convenient for dealers to bring in their scales and weights, I shall call on them after the expiration of the one month's notice as above.

THOMAS WEAVER, City Sealer.
4-6
April 6, 1889.

—BY—

THOS. BURLINGHAM,

Aquidneck Hall, 83 Mill Street

AUCTIONEER.

Storage for furniture, pianos, oil paintings etc., household furniture. Bankrupt stocks and job lots of merchandise bought, for cash. Sale every Thursday at 10 A. M. 11-18-tf

Executors' Sale of Farm Stock and Tools at Auction,

At the Easton Farm, on Paradise Road, Middletown, on Thursday, May 9, at 10 o'clock, belonging to the estate of the late John A. O. Stacy, 7 pair working oxen, lot hay in barn.

On Friday, May 10, on his land on Ocean avenue, Newport, 3 stacks hay.

By order Executors.

Immediately after the above sale at Easton Farm, 13 first class cows, 3 hogs, 50 hens, 1 mowing machine, 1 tedder, 1 wagon, 1 hay rake, 3 plows, 6 forks; etc., belonging to Joshua Stacy.

Conditions of sale cash. 4-27-2w

Valuable Real Estate

AT AUCTION

On Wednesday, May 8, at 12 o'clock M.

The Hazard Property, No. 9 Catherine Street.

The house containing 25 rooms, with 8315 sq. ft. of land with gas, water, good drainage, and has been used as a first class boarding house.

The locality is first class in every respect. A rare chance for a purchaser to get a bargain.

THOS. BURLINGHAM, Auctioneer.
5-20-3t

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 15, 1889.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Elizabeth Palmer, presented this day, praying that an instrument in writing presented therewith, purporting to be the last will and testament of

BENJAMIN F. PALMER,

late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to her, the Executrix named therein:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 6th day of May, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-20

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 15, 1889.

ON THE PETITION in writing of William A. Stedman, presented this day, praying that an instrument in writing, presented therewith, purporting to be the last will and testament of

STEPHEN M. STEDMAN,

late of said Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to him, the Executor named therein.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 6th day of May, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-20

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 15, A. D. 1889.

JAMES C. SWAN, Executor of the last will and testament of

MARY ANN SWAN,

late of Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account of administration on said estate and prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to Monday, the 6th day of May, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-20

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 8, 1889.

ON THE PETITION in writing of William Gilpin, Guardian of the person and estate of

ROBERT C. EBBS,

minor, of Newport, presented this day, praying for leave to sell at private sale, the interest of his said ward in certain real estate situated in said Newport and particularly described in said petition, for a better and more advantageous investment.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 29th day of April, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury* once a week at least for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-13

Court of Probate, City of Newport, April 8, 1889.

ON THE PETITION in writing of John Casey and others, presented this day, praying that letters of administration on the estate of

CATHERINE CASEY,

late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, may be granted to Catherine J. Casey, or some other suitable person:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 29th day of April, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week, at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. BURDICK, Probate Clerk.
4-13

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of his late wife, SARAH D. ANTHONY, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has duly qualified himself as such Administrator by giving bond to said Court. All persons having demands against said estate are hereby notified to present them and those indebted thereto to make payment to the subscriber.

ABRAHAM ANTHONY, Administrator.
Middletown R. I., April 20, 1889.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Portsmouth, Executor of the last will and testament of PELEG ALBRO, late of Portsmouth, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having demands to present them and all indebted to make payment to him.

DAVID ALBRO, Executor.
Middletown, April 13, 1889

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, Executors of the last will and testament of JOHN A. O. STACY, late of Newport, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, request all persons having demands to present them, and all indebted to make payment to them.

LEWIS BROWN, JOHN HOWARD, } Executors.
Newport, April 13, 1889.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED resident of Washington, D. C., having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, guardian of the estate in Rhode Island of EDWARD F. NEWTON, minor, of Hardwick, Vermont, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to her.

ANNA B. NEWTON, Guardian.
Newport, R. I., Feb. 23, 1889.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDESIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, guardian of the persons and estates of FRANK H. C. RICE and ORMAN R. C. RICE, minors, of Newport, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to him.

ISAAC RICE, Guardian.
Newport, R. I., March 9, 1889.

700 Grass Pinks 700
500 Daisies
300 Dwarf Double Sun Flowers
500 Honeysuckles
800 Snow Pinks

Now is the time to begin.

WILSON'S GREENHOUSES, Broadway.